

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

MASSILLON, OHIO THURSDAY JANUARY 7, 1897.

XXXV-NO. 43

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, 105 S. Commercial street, a pensioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office, second floor over Euclid's jewelry store, 108 Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

### BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. Mr. Cole, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

### PHYSICIANS.

D. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Practice. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

### HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and S. Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

### MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Cornish & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufacturers Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Structures.

### CROSERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON. Established in 1832. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

### JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store. C. East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.

**B G B**

Monday, January 4, we begin in the sale of 1897 wash goods—a collection that merits every woman's attention—one that far surpasses in beauty and goodness any former year's offering—each of the different lines has been made a perfect example of the store's determination to win with large assortments, choice goods and less prices.

ANDERSON'S MADRAS GINGHAM AND NOVELTIES

—the superb fine goods made by the celebrated D. J. Anderson mills, Glasgow, Scotland—believe this store can show you more and choicer Anderson's ginghams than you'll see anywhere—prices 35 and 40%.

IRISH DIMITIES.—an exquisite collection—our own importations—20c and 25c. Best American Dimities, 10c and 12c.

Bautiful New Organies

—fine, sheer and dainty—such examples of fine art printing as will surprise even the most lavish expectation—25c and 35c.

Raye Stripe Organies 35%. All the choice new white goods are here—almost endless assortment—5% to \$1.25.

Finest French Challis, 25%, 30%, 35%—silk stripe challis 50%, 60%.

Write for samples and take the real facts—goods and prices—as evidence whether it will pay you to buy new wash goods here.

**BOGGS & BUHL,**  
ALLEGHENY, PA.

The New Hook Spoon Free To All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo. would give an elegant plated hook spoon to anyone sending her ten 2 cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friend, and made \$1.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hook spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel. The spoon is something the housekeepers have needed ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten two cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, Jeannette S.

A Chance to make Money.

I have made \$1,640 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what everyone wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure I can clear \$5,000 a year. My sister and brother have started business and are doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa., and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault.

Mrs. W. H.

Now is the time to subscribe.

## COST OF ARMOR PLATE.

Herbert Reports Result of His Investigation.

### COMPANIES WANT RID OF PLANTS.

Carnegie Offer to Sell Out at Cost and Bethlehem People Below Cost—Manufacturers Making Too Much Profit. Don't Favor a Government Plant.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Secretary Herbert has transmitted to congress his reply to a provision in the last naval appropriation bill directing him to examine into the actual cost of armor plate and report to congress before Jan. 1, 1897, and to make no contract for armor plate for the vessels authorized by that act until after the report was made to congress. This provision of the bill grew out of a heated debate in the house and senate, in which the main contention was that the government was paying too much for armor plates. The report is very important and in many respects a sensational document.

The present cost of armor is \$583 per ton. Mr. Herbert's conclusion is that the cost of material and labor is \$198.70 and allowing for the cost of maintaining the plant and the nickel now furnished by the government and 50 per cent profit to the companies the net cost to the government would be in round numbers \$400 per ton. The Carnegie and Bethlehem companies have both expressed a desire to sell out their plants to the government, the former at cost and the latter below cost.

The secretary opposes the government having its own plant, but thinks the companies are making too much. They should have, he thinks, a fair profit.

For a time both firms refused to give information, but finally did so.

The Bethlehem company accused the government of unfairness in giving contracts to the Carnegie, after assuring them that they would get the work.

Secretary Herbert questions the figures of the cost of the plants, the Bethlehem estimating their plant at \$4,000,000 and the Carnegie at \$3,000,000.

The Bethlehem company estimates the cost of armor plate as follows:

Estimated cost of labor and material, \$250.

Interest on cost of plant, \$78.29.

Maintenance and depreciation \$132.72.

Working capital, \$83.65.

Total, \$494.56.

The Carnegie company's estimate was as follows, exclusive of shop cost:

Interest on plant per ton of armor, \$81.53.

Maintenance of plant per ton of armor, \$67.94.

Loss by abandonment of plant when navy shall have been completed per ton of armor, \$75.49.

Total, \$224.96.

To this the Carnegie company also adds \$25 per ton for working capital.

Secretary Herbert speaks of the armor furnished by the companies to Russia at \$249 per ton, and later at \$320 per ton and concludes from a comparison of prices that there is at least a "friendly understanding or agreement among the powerful armor manufacturers of the world to maintain prices at or about the same level."

In summing up the secretary asks what will be a price sufficient to justify manufacturers in maintaining armor plants. "These two contractors have already been repaid the cost of their plants, together with fair profits. The government is under no obligation to pay them more than the cost of their original investment, but should pay them enough to maintain the plants."

It provides that Australian and similar wools of light shrinkage in scouring, as shown in native condition, shall be deemed washed; that wool in any other than ordinary condition of whole fleece shall be subjected to double duty and defines what shall be deemed scoured wools.

One feature of importance was added to the bill, viz.: Asking the imposition of 1 cent a year additional duty on the merino and mutton unwashed wool until the duty reaches 15 cents per pound.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The secretary further advises that the contractors hereafter furnish the nickel which now costs the government about \$20 per ton, making the cost \$395 per ton, or in round numbers \$400. This figure, he believes a fair and equitable price to pay for the armor for the Wisconsin, Alabama and Illinois, the three new battleships last authorized.

The government is now paying \$683 per ton for armor and with the nickel added \$583. At the prices suggested by Mr. Herbert \$500,000 would be saved on each battleship.

Unless the present law is changed, the secretary could not obtain armor for the battleships already under contract, if the companies refuse to bid within the limit congress might fix. To eliminate this difficulty, Mr. Herbert recommends that upon fixing a price for armor, congress also authorize the secretary to erect or buy or lease an armor plant or a gun plant, if necessary. If this is done better results, he believes, could be obtained.

### RESTRICTING DEATH PENALTY.

A Measure Passed by the Senate—New Cuban Resolutions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The senate has passed the house bill abolishing the death penalty in a large number of cases. The measure is in the line of recent state laws abolishing capital punishment and applies the same principle to federal offenses, although the change is not extended to a total abolition of the death penalty. The present laws, which have come down from colonial times, have a sanguinary aspect and prescribe death for 60 offenses of various character. The bill passed reduces these offenses to five, viz: Treason, rape, murder and two offenses applicable to the army and navy.

In all other offenses hard labor for life is substituted as the maximum punishment, and even in cases of murder and rape hard labor may be substituted in the jury states in its verdict "without capital punishment." As the bill has passed the house after a long crusade by Representative Curtis of New York, and is amended but slightly by the senate it is likely to go to the president when the minor disagreements are arranged in conference.

During the day Mr. Call (Dem., Fla.) introduced resolutions calling for information as to the condemnation of Julio Sanguiñoli, at Havana, to life imprisonment, and also directing the secretary of state to demand Sanguiñoli's immediate release. Mr. Peffer (Pop., Kan.) delivered a speech in support of his resolution for a national monetary commission.

### AGREED ON WOOL BILL.

The Committee's Plan for the New Tariff Schedule.

and Penrose. The latter received the support of Senator Quay, and his success is a great victory for that leader.

Mr. Wanamaker was backed by the faction in which David Martin is the leader, assisted by strong organizations of business men in nearly every county. Much bitterness was exhibited on both sides.

Senator John C. Grady, who afterwards cast the single vote received by Mr. Cameron was the caucus chairman. While the caucus was deciding the senatorship Senator Quay remained at the Penrose headquarters in a hotel near the capitol awaiting the news of his victory, and Mr. Wanamaker was surrounded by a large gathering of Philadelphia business men at a rival hotel.

Even while the deathknell of his senatorial aspirations was being sounded, Mr. Wanamaker was planning to continue the fight against Senator Quay in the state. At a big massmeeting of his supporters, Mr. Wanamaker made a speech, in which he declared his intention of carrying the fight against Senator Quay into every county, and to contest with him the right to name the party candidates for state treasurer and auditor general. Senator Quay's term expires in March, 1899, and, according to Mr. Wanamaker's friends, the business men will continue their organization with the object of defeating Mr. Quay should he be a candidate for reelection. The legislature will ratify the caucus selection of Mr. Penrose on Jan. 19.

### BLISS FOR THE CABINET.

Whitelaw Reid to Be Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 6.—President-elect McKinley and Marcus A. Hanna at last got down to the serious work of constructing a cabinet for the new administration.

There seems to be no possible doubt but that Cornelius N. Bliss of New York has been offered and accepted the

## PENROSE THE CHOICE.

Joint Republican Senatorial Caucus In Harrisburg.

### QUAY'S MAN VICTOR, 133 TO 75.

Besides the 75 to Wanamaker, Scattering Votes Went to Cameron, Robinson and Rice—Those Absent and Not Voting. Details of the Caucus.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 6.—The Republican joint caucus, at 9:40 last night, nominated Penrose for United States senator to succeed Cameron on the first ballot. The vote was: Penrose 133; Wanamaker 75; Cameron 1; Congressman J. B. Robinson 1; Judge Charles E. Rice 1. Absent, or not voting, 4.

The place has been conceded to Philadelphia from the start, and the fight was thus narrowed down to Wanamaker

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auditor general.

He allows 10 per cent for this and says

it is enough and more. He estimates

that the cost of the plants of the two

companies to be \$1,500,000, and an al-

lowance of \$150 per annum would

be sufficient for maintaining the plants.

Supposing that 2,500 tons of armor is

manufactured yearly, it gives an al-

lowance of \$60 per ton, making, in round

numbers, the cost of armor plate \$250

per ton. If 3,000 tons were manufac-

# THE INDEPENDENT.

## THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY.

INDEPENDENT BUILDING,  
North Erie St., Massillon, O.

WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1868.  
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1887.  
SEMI-WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1896.

Long Distance Telephone No. 60.  
Farmers' Telephone No. 60.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1897.

Governor Bushnell is to be congratulated upon his direct statement concerning his political attitude. He says:

"I am not a candidate for United States senator. I do expect, however, to be a candidate for renomination for governor at the Republican convention next summer. I thought it best to make this announcement in time, so the Republicans of Ohio will know how I stand on this matter. There may be a number of candidates for United States senator when the time arrives, but the present duty of the Republicans is to see that a Republican legislature is elected next fall."

The governor has never talked more sensibly. The present duty of the Republicans is to see that a Republican legislature is elected next fall. One thing at a time.

The worthy citizens who lament the wickedness of the railway corporations should go to the statistical tables just prepared by the Ohio commissioner of railroads and telegraphs for the year ended December 31st. It appears that the capital stock outstanding amounts to \$641,613,786, upon which dividends were paid amounting to \$10,711,021. But the funded debt was also \$756,617,247, thus making the total charges upon which interest should be paid \$1,398,331,033. The dividends paid upon this sum amounted to less than 1 per cent. During the year 35,794,639 passengers were carried, the passenger earnings per mile being \$2,089.26, and the freight earnings per mile being \$3,274.16. Although millions of passengers were transported, only four were killed. There were 391 fatal accidents during the year, divided as follows: Passengers, 4; employees, 108; trespassers and others, 279. The INDEPENDENT still maintains that a uniform passenger rate of two cents per mile would increase rather than diminish the earnings of the railways—especially if accompanied by the withdrawal of shipper's passes.

### THE REC PROCLITY FEATURE.

Mr. Wm. E. Curtis is fearful that the reported plan of Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, to have the reciprocity section of the tariff bill of 1890 passed, will result in the utter defeat of public expectation of an increased export trade. The countries with which reciprocity treaties were negotiated in 1890 and 1891 felt that the law was very offensive. It was a threat and was resented as such. The international American conference composed of delegates from all the American republics except Santo Domingo, declared unanimously for the negotiation of a uniform series of treaties that would represent commercial reciprocity in its broadest sense, and extend as far as was practicable under their systems of raising revenue. They expressed their willingness to make sacrifices in order to promote their commercial relations with the United States, and the amendment to the McKinley bill, which was sent to the committee on ways and means by Mr. Blaine in 1890 and rejected, represented their views and wishes and received the cordial indorsement. Mr. Curtis says:

"The amendment was afterward introduced in the United States senate by Mr. Hale, and authorized the president to declare the ports of the United States free to all the products of any nation on the American hemisphere, upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports free of all national, provincial, municipal and other taxes, our flour, cornmeal, and other breadstuffs, preserved meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, cotton-seed oil and its products, rice and other provisions, including all articles of food, lumber, furniture and other articles of wood, agricultural implements and machinery, structural steel and iron, steel rails, locomotives, railway cars and supplies, street cars and refined petroleum. This was an affirmative proposition. It offered a reward to any nation that made concessions in favor of the United States. The amendment, which was afterward adopted as section 4, was the reverse. It was a negative proposition and threatened punishment upon such nations as refused to make concessions in favor of the United States. One proposition meant: 'If you will do us a favor we will reward you in return.' The other meant: 'If you don't do as we tell you, we will punish you by taxing your goods'."

### How They Settled It.

Two men, named Peter Garot and William Clark, had a dispute in Louisville, on Saturday night, and finally agreed to settle their case in the grand old-fashioned way. Friends were called up and the party repaired to a meadow, which is near Nimishillen creek. In the midst of the exciting scene which followed, and while the two disputants were pummeling each other, they got too close to the water and both rolled into the stream. After they had been fished out, more dead than alive, they were placed under arrest and later were fined \$5.75 each for fighting.

### Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your trouble? If not, get a bottle and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy, or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.

### Taken In.

"I used to read the newspaper aloud to my wife," said Bert Robinson, "and once I was fairly taken in by a patent medicine advertisement. The seductive paragraph began with a modest account of the sea-serpent, but ended by setting forth the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, it was alleged, was a cure for all bronchial, throat and lung troubles, and would even cure consumption, if taken in time. The way I was taken in was this: I had lung disease, and I bought a bottle of the remedy. I was a stranger to it, and it took me in—and cured me." Robinson's experience is identical with that of thousands of others. So true is this, that after witnessing the marvelous cures of bronchial and lung affections wrought by this remedy, its manufacturers feel warranted in saying that this remedy will cure 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease.

### THE MINERS' STRIKE.

The suspension of work in the Massillon mining district means more than a protest against a reduction in the scale from 61 to 51 cents per ton. This fact is made clear in the convention call of

the United Mine Workers, issued yesterday, by which it appears that a demand will be made for Pittsburg prices in the thin coal districts of Ohio. Thus we have again, in slightly modified form, the old differential controversy, which led to the long strike of 1894 and was brought to an end by arbitration proceedings. Prior to that strike the scale in Massillon district was fifteen cents higher than that of the Hocking and Jackson county districts. The decree of the arbitration board was that the Massillon operators were entitled to the same rate as the Hocking and Jackson districts, and since that time that has been the rule. Meanwhile, another rule providing that the Ohio scale shall be nine cents lower than the Pittsburg scale has been respected. As the Pittsburg scale is now 61 cents, and as 61 cents was the Massillon price until January 1st, the operators announced that after the first of the year 51 cents only would be paid. The miners indicate a determination not only to resist this reduction, but to make a stand for the principle that Pittsburg prices shall be paid here, hereafter.

The miners' position is strengthened by the fact that in Jackson county, the coal of which is the leading competitor of the Massillon product, a similar demand has been made. A dispatch from Wellston says that the Jackson operators will close up every mine in the county until next fall before they will consent to pay Pittsburg prices, and thereby give Hocking Valley an advantage of nine cents per ton. Should the Jackson county miners yield, the Massillon miners would doubtless do the same, as otherwise they would be throwing their market into the laps of the Jackson operators. The claim is made in both Jackson and Massillon districts that coal can be mined more easily in Hocking Valley than elsewhere, and sells for less, being of poorer quality, and that, therefore, there is reason why a lower scale of wages should be paid in that valley. The operators here make reply that the difference in quality is made up by modern furnace improvements, and that a difference against them in cost of production tends to drive them out of business.

### MR. COXEY'S CONVENTION.

Programme for the Gathering at St. Louis on January 12.

Mr. J. S. Coxey, of Massillon, is leading in the movement out of which a new national party is expected to grow. A conference for this purpose will be held in St. Louis on January 12th, and will be called to order at 10 a. m. by Mr. Coxey in the Lindell Hotel. After prayer by the Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, and selection of officers, the following programme will be carried out:

An address, by J. B. Osbourne, of Georgia.

Remarks by Robert Schilling, Paul Vandervoort, Abe Steinberger, Warren Foster, Henry Kochs, J. W. Dollinson, W. A. Bennington, L. W. Motley, B. F. C. Brooks, F. J. Schulte, B. Codrington, M. Davidson, R. B. Frye, Ralph Beaumont, J. S. Coxey and others. Subject: The Wrecking of the People's Party and what's to be done about it?

Remarks by J. J. Streeter on the true American ballot system.

Remarks on the Non-Interest bond plan, by J. S. Coxey.

Demonetization of gold and silver, illustrated with large colored cartoons, by Carl Browne.

Discussion and adoption of an address to the American people.

Selection of a provisional national chairman, secretary, treasurer and committee.

Adjournment.

How They Settled It.

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## DELINQUENT TAX SALE.

The lands, lots and parts of lots returned delinquent by the Treasurer of Stark County, Ohio, together with the taxes and penalty charged thereon, agreeably to law, are contained and described in the following list, viz:

### Massillon, 1st Ward—Lands.

Sec. Des.	Acres	Val.	\$ Cr. M.
Blocker, Wm. 17 24 p e	.45	570	23 92 9
Bunnell, J. H. 17 47 p e	.50	700	50 18 1
Miller, Harriet 17 31 p e	.80	560	35 87 4

### Massillon, 1st Ward—Lots.

Bunnell, J. H. 1387 59x153	80	5	98 2
" 1335 59x152	80	5	98 2
" 1389 59x152	80	5	98 2
" 1345 59x135	80	5	98 2
" 1366 59x135	80	18	43 8
" 1357 59x135	280	5	98 2
" 978 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 973 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 974 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 975 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 677 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 978 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 797 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 976 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 980 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 981 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 982 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 983 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 984 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 985 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 986 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 987 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 988 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 989 whole	1	90	6 60 3
" 990 whole	1	90	6 60 3
Yost, Jessie F F. 1500 45x144 Oak	1	90	6 60 3
Grapevine, J. H. 998 41 1/2x56 Erie	2640	121	02 8 2
" 998 16x56	660	31	03 4
" 811 w 1/2	330	16	01 2
Hackett, Clarence 1019 50x156	240	11	91 7
Kuster, John 1077-1078 109 e 1-3	620	30	34 6
Lutz, Jonas 161-162 60x144 Oak	2080	95	62 4
Masters, A. 1349 ex 50 p	200	10	09 8
Martin, Elisha 1940 whole	380	18	28 6
Sibala, Eliz. 1498 60x124 Oak	900	57	03
Schott, Fabian 1351 59x135 Kent	380	18	28 6
Whitney, Moses H. 964 e 2	360	17	37 7
Yost, Jessie F F. 1500 45x144 Oak	1280	80	89 5

### Massillon, Second Ward—Lands.

Geier, Lucy 17-112 p n w	10	280	13 73 7
Lorimer, Alice 17-109 p n w	15	260	13 97 8

### Massillon, Second Ward—Lots.

Albright, G. L. 556 6x16	30	5	77 1
Burtscher, J. W. 315 40x150 Musk	430	27	78 1
Bucher, J. G. est. 93-94 25	10 210	612	44 8
Chandler, E. T. 207 35x180 Main	840	80	99 2
Carver, John 1888 whole	470	22	33 8
Elmer, Leua. 316 50x75	210	10	55 3
Herring, Ed L. 1845 whole	520	24	65 4
Herring, Ed. 614 60x140 Trem	1110	51	37 3
Herring, Ed. 614 60x140	380	18	28 6
Jarvis, Kent est. 93-94 1 1/2 of 2 5	6800	49	82 2
Kuhn, John H. 1895 whole	330	16	01 2
Linerode, Jos. 671 70x200	330	26	45 3
Most, Minnie. 853 6x155	380	18	28 6
Portner, C. B. 2189 ex 40x105 1/2	100	10	65 4
Shertzer, J. V. 130 s 1/2	410	19	65 1
Schott, Charlotte 1884 26x150 park	900	41	93 0
Schott, Tobias 1675 whole	100	8	35 1
Thornburg, Wm. 1564 50x30 Borden	60	4	88
Thornburg, Wm. 1556 whole	50	4	99 9
Urban, Grace. 1121 53x150	450	29	02 5
Von Kannel, C. F. 1673 whole	40	4	91 4
Walker, A. B. 1597 50x130	59	4	11 3

### Massillon, Third Ward—Lands.

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## THE GIRL EMIGRANT.

She leaned out of the carriage window and saw the van door close, and then asked the porter if her box were safe and sound.

"Aw, aye," said he and slouched up, wiping the wet from his hand on his corduroys. "Aw, aye, it'll folly ye safe to Drogheha anyhow. Goodby, an God speed ye."

"Goodby," she said and gave him her hand. "But aren't the rest o' ye comin'?" she called.

The station master came and gave her parting word, then two or three town loiterers, then the station master's wife, with a shawl over her head and picking her way through the puddles. Last of all came a man—the girl's father, one could see—running stiffly and glancing back often at the horse and cart standing forlorn outside the gate.

"Goodby, Mary, an God be with ye, my girl." He held her hand for a second or two, and his lips kept moving, while she answered bravely. "Ye'll write from New York?"

"I will—aw—at once."

"Do. Don't keep us," he said, then stood back with the others and blinked at the driving rain. She pulled a handkerchief from a battered brown handbag and nervously wiped her lips.

"Ah," called she, "yez all thought ye'd see me cryin. Ah, I tricked ye rightly."

"Ah, no," answered the porter. "We knew ye'd be brave."

"Aye, aye," assented the rest and shifting their legs. "Aye, aye."

"Away ye go!" shouted the guard. The engine shrieked. Mary shook out her handkerchief and called goodby; her friends waved their arms. She had started for the United States.

"They thought I'd cry," said she as she sat back and fell to plucking at the fingers of her woollen gloves. "They thought I'd cry—ooh, no." She was brave, yet her lips were quivering, and her eyes were turned mournfully on the fields and hedges and the cottages, here and there shining white through the gray drift of the rain. "We'll soon be at it," she said presently. "Ah, Lord, the day it is. At the state I'm in—ooh, ooh!" She stooped and wrung the water from her bedraggled skirt. "At me hair that tattered. Aw, it's shockin. But I didn't cry," she said and flashed her black eyes at me. "Och, no. Whishit! We're gettin near it. Aw, there it is. There they are. Goodby, mother. Goodby, Patsey an Johny an Lizzie. Goodby, all."

I stood up, and over her bat caught a glimpse of the group gathered on the street before the cottage—the mother in her nightcap, the children bare legged, all waving their arms and caps and crying their farewells.

"Goodby," cried Mary back through the rain. "Och, goodby."

That was the last of them she would see, she said, as she sat down again—the last, till the Lord knew when. She was for the United States? asked some one. Ah, she was; she could get work there; she could do nothing at home. Sure, it was better to go than to be a burden on them all. Ah, yes, she'd been out before and had come home to settle, but—but, and here the handkerchief went fast to her lips—well, things had turned out troublesome. She'd do better out there. There were too many at home, and her mother was poorly. Ah, and sure times were shocking bad.

"Aye, aye," the men went in chorus, "they war; they war." Then looked mournfully at her red cheeks, and from one to another passed the word that she was a brave girl, so she was—a brave girl, and God speed her, said they as one by one they went out clumingly at Navan station and left Mary and me together.

It was a fair day at Navan, therefore did the train settle itself by the platform for a long rest.

"The guard methinks gone to see the fair," said Mary, and I laughed, stamped vigorously (for it was cold) across the carriage floor, wiped the window and looked out.

Down the farther bank of the railway, along a narrow path which had started beyond the fields somewhere near the Bynne, was coming a little procession of six men, bearing a coffin on a rough hurdle made of ash poles. The men were bare headed; a single bunch of wild flowers lay atop the screaming coffin; there were no mourners, nor anywhere could one see any sign of sorrow or curiosity. They came on down, the men with their painful burden, crossed the track, came to a siding, slid the coffin into a fish van, shut the door, pulled their soft feet bats from their pockets, mopped their faces, then took shelter behind the van and lit their pipes. There wanted only a bottle to make the scene complete, and I was confidently watching for it, when right at my elbow there rose a great sobbing.

"Aw, aw!" cried Mary. "Did ye see, did ye see? Och, what a way to be n'ated. An such a day for a bairn. All out in the wet—the wet an the cold. Aw, poor creature! Aw, mither, mither, ye'll die, ye'll die! I'll never see ye ag'in, nor father, nor no one! Aw, it's cruel to lave ye! I'll go back, I'll go back!"

Her sobs were pitiful. Loiterers began to gather round the door. It was only a poor girl going to America, I explained. They would pity her, I was sure. Oh, they would, said they, and went, all but one, a big, sunburned fellow, dressed in rough tweed, who came forward and asked my leave. For what? Ah, he knew the girl. Came in, went over and laid a rough hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Ah, don't," she said. "I'll go home, I'll go home!"

"What ails ye, Mary, at all?" said he and shook her again. She turned.

"Ah, God A'mighty, James!" she cried, and her tears went, "it's you? Where are ye goin? What brings ye? Who towld ye?"

James sat down heavily and began beating his boot with his stick. Ah,

he'd been to the fair, had sold early, was waiting for a train to take him home.

"Where are ye goin?" he said over his shoulder. "What were ye blaratin' about?"

She looked up at him quickly, almost defiantly.

"To the United States."

He nodded, began again the tattoo on his boot, and before another word came the train had started.

"We're goin," said Mary. "Hurry and say goodby, or they'll shut ye in."

"No matter," he answered. "I'll g'wan a bit."

The maid sat apart from the man and answered his abrupt, mannerless question as bravely as she might. Why was she going? Ah, he knew. There was no need to ask. Why had she not told him? Better not. What was the use? All was over between them.

The man eyed her wonderingly. Over, he repeated. Over? Did she not know he was ready to make it up—to do his best? Aye, yes, she knew, still. Still what? It was better to go, she said, and looked tearfully out at the flying fields.

Yes, it was better to go. I agreed with Mary. He was a lout, for certain; a good for nothing by all chance. She would lose nothing by leaving him. There—there, sitting beside her, was the trouble about which she had spoken. She had come home to sit down with him, but things had been troublesome. Ah, yes, one knew it all. He had been easy going and lazy; wanted things to turn up, felt no inclination to hurry into married cares. Ah, sure, he could wait awhile, and if he, then

Mary. Something like that it had been; anyhow Mary had not settled. They had quarreled, and now she was leaving him for better or worse. She was wise. Had the man no bowels? Had he nothing for her but hard questions and pitying looks? Would he not, before he went, say one kind word to this girl who had trusted in his word and manhood, and finding them wanting, was now leaving him forever? Did there not some golden memory linger about his heart? Not one. He was wooden to the core. He would sit on there, tapping his boot and staring at his big freckled hands, neither hurt nor sorry, but just wondering that a girl could be such a fool. The train would stop and, with a nod and a faint shake of the hand, he would take himself out into the rain. And good riddance.

The train slowed. Mary's lips began to quiver. The train stopped. I gathered in my legs, so that the fellow might pass without touching me. He raised his head and looked out at the sky.

"Ah, I may as well g'wan to the junction," he drawled. "It'll be all the same. One could do nothin' such a day anyhow."

"Yis," said Mary, not cheerlessly. "Sure ye may as well."

We sat silent all the way to Drogheha, and there we parted—Mary, so it was set down, to catch a train north, James one back home and I to do my work in town.

Two hours afterward I met the two in the rain swept streets, and in my surprise stopped short before them. Mary looked up and laughed.

"Ah," said she, "I'm here yet. That train went without me."

"Oh," said I, "that's very bad. Why, the next won't be here for hours. And you're drenched. But—but—and I looked at James as he stood slightly flushed and dripping wet, blandly staring across the street.

"Ah, yis," Mary answered. "James missed his too. I'm not goin at all. Sure we've made it up." I put my watch slowly back into my pocket and nodded. "James has promised me," she went on, and her eyes lit. "Can we go to get a married couple lastest time. An he'll try hard for a place wi' the mairons. And—an—God knows, sur, I'm not sorry, for me heart was sore at Navan home."

They knew their own business best, but there fell an awkward silence, so I asked James concerning his prospects. Did he see his way clearly? Ah, he did, and began tapping his boot. Sure there was always a way if one could only wait till it came. "Isn't she better here anyway, whatever comes?" said he. "I gave me a moment's glimpse at his face, "that's your wonder wid the strangers! Sure 'twas madness as her to think it. Sure Providence sent me to Navan fair." Providence? And had Providence sent also that dismal procession to the fish van, that Mary might see it and sob for her friends and her Joneses and the home of her heart?

"And you, Mary," I asked, "are you quite satisfied?"

"Ah, yis," said she mournfully. "Ah, I hope so."

I took her into a shop and bought her a little wedding gift—a silver brooch, shaped like a harp and set with green marble—then wished them more happiness than I expected they would have and went my way.

Three hours afterward saw me at Drogheha station again, and there was Mary, standing dejectedly by her box.

"Not gone home yet, Mary?" I asked. Her handkerchief fluttered out.

"No-o, sur. I—was lookin for ye. I—I wanted to give ye back this," and she held out the brooch. "I'll never wear it. Och, it's all over. I—I'm goin on to catch the ship."

It was well. I determined now that neither Providence nor emotion should hinder her going.

"Ah, no," she sobbed. "Twas only foolishness. Me heart was sore at lavin them all, an the sight of the coffin an James comin like that. Och, I c'udn't bear it. But 'twas foolish av me. It's better for me to go."

I took the brooch, pinned it on her jacket and spoke a foolish word or two by way of comfort. She would, I hoped, wear it for my sake, if not for—

"Ah, God A'mighty, James!" she cried, and her tears went, "it's you? Where are ye goin? What brings ye? Who towld ye?"

James sat down heavily and began beating his boot with his stick. Ah,

## FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

### SALTING DOWN PORK.

#### Methods That Have Given Satisfaction For Twenty-seven Years.

A New Jersey correspondent of The New England Homestead writes of methods practiced by him with entire success for the past 30 years. He says:

For pork one of the first considerations is a clean barrel. I have used the same barrel for the past 30 years and have cleaned it each year as follows: Put about three pails of water and a peck of clean wood ashes in the barrel, then put in hot irons enough to boil the water, cover closely and by adding a hot iron occasionally keep it boiling for a couple of hours. Wash the barrel thoroughly, and it will be sweet as a new barrel. Cover the bottom of the barrel with coarse salt. Cut the pork into strips about six inches wide, stand edgewise in the barrel, with the skin next the outside, till the bottom is covered, then cover with a thick coat of salt so as to hide the pork entirely. Repeat in the same manner till the barrel is full or the pork is all in. Cover the top layer with salt thickly. Let it stand about three or four days and then put on a flat stone and cold water enough to cover the pork. After the water is on sprinkle one-quarter pound best black pepper over it. An inch of salt in the bottom and between each layer and 1½ inches on top will be sufficient to keep the pork without making a brine. Some people make a brine that will bear an egg, but I never do.

For hams, I weigh the hams, and for 100 pounds of meat I use 4 pounds of the best fine salt, a pound of sugar and 4 ounces saltpeter. Mix thoroughly and rub it into the flesh side of the ham, not forgetting the shank, and place on a board or shelf. When the mixture has struck in, rub again. There will be enough to rub the meat three times. It usually takes about three weeks to complete the job. Hang up immediately and smoke. This recipe will cure the large and small hams alike and just right for cooking, as the meat will not take in more than the right quantity. If these directions are intelligently followed, a first quality of ham will be secured. For bacon use the same mixture as for hams.

#### Moisture In Cellars.

As a rule, says the Iowa Homestead, western cellars are too dry to winter fruits and vegetables in. Vegetables, therefore, are best buried in the earth or in a special cave for them, and where apples are stored in any considerable quantities a special cellar is necessary.

Recently, when accompanying an expert who was examining some fine fruits in his cellar, the authority quoted observed that a hand brought water down and sprinkled the floor quite thoroughly before closing the cellar door. After an all night airing during a cool night he said he found this absolutely necessary in order that apples should keep well during the fall, when dry air was the rule. It kept the fruit from shriveling, and they continued to be more plump until freezing weather came. He tried to avoid such a degree of moisture and conditions of warmth as would cause mold, but aimed to keep the cellar damp and as cool as possible.

For sale by Z. T. Baltzly, druggist,

## HOME TESTIMONY

## TRAVELER'S REGISTER.

Trains Arrive and Depart on Central Standard Time.

### Wheeling & Lake Erie R. R.

Taking effect May 10, 1895.

### Going East.

#### No. 1. No. 3. No. 5. No. 7.

#### a. m. p. m. a. m. p. m.

#### Westward

#### 9 3 15 31 11

#### AM PM AM PM AM PM

#### Pittsburgh Lv. 7:00 4:45 7:30 15:00 5:00

#### Beaver Falls 5:00 4:45 6:30 15:00 5:45

#### Columbiana 9:12 3:45 9:34 15:00 6:35

#### Leetonia 9:25 4:45 9:34 15:00 6:35

#### Salem 9:25 4:45 9:34 15:00 6:35

#### Alliance 10:26 4:45 9:34 15:00 6:35

#### Maximo 11:30 6:26 9:34 15:00 6:35

#### Canal D. 10:26 4:45 9:34 15:00 6:35

#### Orville 12:24 p. 17:17 a. m.

#### Monroeville 1:00 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Navarre 1:37 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Valley Jet. 2:08 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### 7 12

#### AM PM AM PM AM PM

#### Canal Dover 2:40 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Marietta 7:05 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Sherrodsville 7:15 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Wauseon 7:25 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Edon 7:35 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Elmwood 8:14 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Jewett 8:14 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Dillonvale 4:18 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Warren 4:33 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Brilliant 4:52 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Mingo Jct. 5:00 6:50 12:50 6:36

#### Steubenville 5:10 6:50 12:50

# A STAR SOMNAMBULIST

Miss Rossman's Uncontrollable Propensity For Sleepwalking.

HAS HAD MANY LUCKY ESCAPES.

climbed a Telegraph Pole and Tried to Walk on the Water—Locks and Ropes Could Not Restraine Her—Trying the Cold Water Cure.

Miss Annie Rossman is now being treated at the Arapahoe County Hospital in Denver after having broken the record in somnambulism. During her excursions while asleep she has been rescued from injury or death by the police more than 150 times. Bolts, bars, handcuffs and chains have all failed to keep her within her room, and clad in a nightgown she has roamed the streets of Denver night after night.

Everything possible was done to cure the young woman, but to no purpose until she was placed in the hospital. There she has been watched by an attendant, and cold water has been thrown in her face every time she has sought to leave her bed or escape. This plan seems to be proving efficacious, and for the present at least her sleepwalking career has been closed.

For eight years Miss Rossman has been a sleepwalker, ever since she was 18 years old. She is a stenographer, but her affliction has forced her to abandon her calling and work as a servant.

Many methods have been unsuccessfully adopted to restrain her from her nocturnal excursions. The windows of her room have been locked and the key to the door hidden, but to no purpose. When the door has been locked from the outside, she has managed to pick the lock and make her way to the street. At other times she has been tied in her bed. In releasing herself she has exhibited the skill of the conjurer, for no knot could be tied that she was unable to loosen, and, no matter how the ropes were arranged, she always found a way to release herself. Handcuffs have been attached to her wrists and then chained to the bed, but her hands slipped through the rings in her sleep in a fashion that she could not explain when she awoke. In a waking condition she could never perform the feat. At another time the key to her room was placed at the bottom of a barrel of water that rested in one corner of her apartment, but she secured the key, and the contact with the chilled fluid did not awaken her.

There has been no particular method which she has followed in her walks about the city, and, contrary to the general idea regarding somnambulists, she has rarely seemed to have a definite idea of doing any particular thing on any occasion.

About the only instance when she distinctly remembered having a purpose in view was the time when she was found seated on a letter box with her arm around the lampost, when she declared she had believed herself to be seated on a rail at the theater with her arm about one of the supporting pillars. This fact of general lack of intention in all the more singular because of the belief that the actions of sleepwalkers are merely the fulfillment of dreams.

One of the most narrow escapes she has had, if not the narrowest of all, was on the occasion of a trip on which she started to North Denver. She reached the bridge which crosses Cherry Creek, but instead of crossing the structure made her way down by its side, and apparently was going to walk through the water. It so happened that the creek was not boozing to any great extent just then, and a policeman happened to see her action and rescued her from drowning. Even the shock of the water did not fully awaken her, and it was several moments after her rescue before she entirely regained consciousness.

It has always happened that whenever Miss Rossman has left her room and home at night on one of these sleepwalking trips she has never stopped to don any clothing besides the nightgown and has been guiltless of shoes or stockings. Just how she could so often make her way about Den-



MISS ANNIE ROSSMAN.

ver's streets in this costume unobserved is a matter of almost as much mystery as the real cause of the affliction which has rendered her miserable for eight years.

One night a few months ago she left her home about midnight and wandered down Twenty-first to Curtis street. When in front of the Curtis street househouse, a cable car came upon her unexpectedly, and she was knocked down and to one side, entirely escaping injury except a few slight bruises. As usual, she was clad only in her nightgown. She was picked up and taken into the househouse and returned to her home in the ambulance.

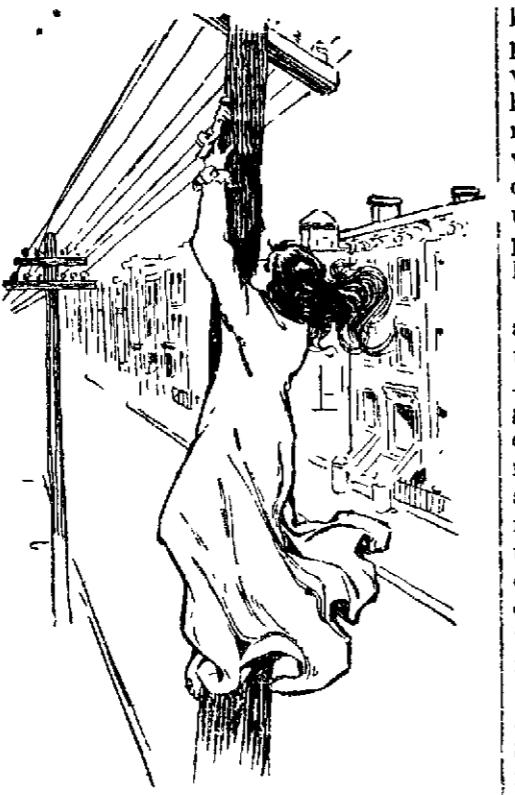
One night not long ago she walked from her home to the Union railway station. This time, however, she had lain down without removing her clothing, and so attracted less attention. She sat in the station awhile, where her peculiar actions were noted, but there was no suspicion that she was asleep. Finally she went to the ticket agent's window and bought a ticket for Cheyenne. Then she left the station, made her way to the railway tracks, divested herself of most of her clothing and walked up the track toward the approaching train. Fortunately the engineer saw her in time to stop before he reached her, although she was walking toward the locomotive all the time.

Again she made her way down to Sixteenth street early in the morning, when there were heavy wagons passing up the street, and calmly walked in front of one of the largest that was going west at a lively gait. The driver saw her and pulled up his horses, but she would certainly have been badly injured had not a police man seen her just in time and pulled her

away from beneath the horses' feet. She was not even scratched.

Once she attempted to leave her room, in the third story of her home, via the window. She crept through the window, having raised the lower sash, and, grasping the sill with both hands, swung herself out. As fortune would have it, a policeman happened to be passing almost at the moment and saw what she had done. He made his way into the house, rushed up the stairs, broke in the door of her room, and seizing her by the wrists pulled her back. Not until she was again in her own room did she realize what had happened.

Another of her experiences was the first and only time she gave an exhibition of dancing on the street. That evening she walked to Arapahoe street. Standing near a corner, to the amazement of several children and two or three pedestrians, she



IMAGINED HERSELF A LINEMAN.

began a series of movements very like the double shuffle of a negro minstrel. No officer chanced to be near, and no one interfered. The movements of her feet and limbs grew more and more rapid, while her body swayed from side to side after the fashion of a naught girl. Then, flinging her arms above her head, she danced wildly and continued this at intervals, without attempting to leave the corner, until a patrolman took her by the arm and walked her toward the station. She did not awaken until almost at the station door.

Once, after she had left her home on one of her trips, she apparently imagined herself to be a lineman, for she climbed a telegraph pole and had succeeded in making her way well toward the top before she was discovered. She was resting near the top of the pole when a policeman happened to see her. Here was a quandary. If any one shouted to her she might awake and fall to the ground. The officer could not climb the pole. Finally a ladder was procured from a neighboring fire engine house and placed against the pole. A stalwart fireman mounted it and a moment later had Miss Rossman in his arms. She awoke almost instantly and in a terrible fright. She was taken home and was prostrated by the shock for several days.

Miss Rossman is a native of Pecola, Kan. When she first began to walk in her sleep, the attacks were not frequent, and it was only after she became a resident of Denver that her affliction grew upon her. Physicians who have studied Miss Rossman's case say that her trouble is largely due to the sluggish condition of her blood. During the time she is under the influence of somnambulism her face is almost as pale and cold as that of a person who is dead.

## HIS FIFTH TIME ON EARTH.

### A Boy Who Is a Living Witness For the Theory of Reincarnation.

Theosophists claim that the soul or principle of consciousness of mankind undergoes many reincarnations, animating various bodies in different ages and places. Few even of the most ardent theosophists claim to remember aught of their lives in other bodies, but a boy in Broome county, N. Y., who never heard of theosophy, substantiates to the satisfaction of all true believers the truth of their theories by telling of his adventures in four previous states of existence, extending over 1,000 years.

The boy, William Hicks, is only 7 years old. He declares that this is his fifth time on earth. The first time was about the time the Romans invaded England. He was the son of a great chief, and he wore skins of animals for clothing, which was strictly on regle in those days. He describes, with historical correctness, the appearance of the ships of the invaders when he took a part in trying to repel. He remembers a sharp pain, as an arrow pierced his breast, and then all was a blank until, hundreds of years later, he appeared again as the son of a cottager in London, when thatched cottages abounded in the world's metropolis. He describes the life of that period as it has been handed down to us and tells of the horrors of the plague which swept London in the seventeenth century. He describes how the dead lay in piles on the street, tells of the dying agonies of his mother, of the disappearance of his father and concludes by telling of how oblivion came to him after a street fight in which he was pierced by a sword.

The next memory he has is of living in Paris, the son of an English shoemaker. It was in the stormy period of the French revolution. His father was unmolested, but one night the son rescued a girl from ill treatment at the hands of some street ruffians. On the pretext that he was a defender of the aristocracy and an enemy of liberty he was arrested and sent next day with a cartload of other unfortunate to the guillotine. The knife descended, there was an instant of pain, then oblivion.

His fourth life opened in this land of the free as the son of a plantation overseer in the south. When 14 years old, he went bathing with some companions. He was seized with cramp, he remembers giving a cry for help, then of going down, of the blood rushing to his brain, of strange noises in his ears, of brilliant lights which dazzled his eyes, and then again unconsciousness, oblivion, nirvana, until memory revived in him on the Broome county farm. If the lad were older, the theory that he had read of the events of which he relates and was romancing would appear tenable; but, scarcely able to spell and with parents who are as unfamiliar with the events of which he tells as they are of the dead languages, his case is of unusual interest.

Where He Draws the Line.

A Belfast (Me.) judge has ruled that shaking dice for cigars is not gambling, but shaking them for money is.

## ACCOUNT OF A HOAX.

### STORY OF THE MOHICAN'S LOSS IN THE NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

How "Lying Tom Barrett" Came to Tell the Yarn—A Rivalry Had Grown Up Among the Munchausens, but the Mohican Lie Was a Little Too Much!

Very many persons may remember the story that was telegraphed and called all over the world in the summer of 1895 of the sinking of the United States revenue cutter Mohican by the British seal pirate Belle of the Pacific somewhere in that indefinite part of the north Pacific ocean known to all Alaskans as "the westward." Not so many probably will remember that the story was a fake, because it is the lamentable history of such things that the truth never completely overtakes the lie. It was a lie out of whole cloth, as was demonstrated when the Mohican turned up all right that fall at the end of the patrol season, but the mauler of its publication has not been told.

This lie began to have its being years ago when the steamers first began to take tourists from "down below," as Alaskans call the States, up through the gorgeous scenery of the north Pacific coast line for a peep at the northern territory. As a usual thing the tourists spend eight or ten hours ashore at Juneau and as much more in Sitka. Sometimes they make a dash up to Muir glacier. Altogether they see a lot of the country in a panoramic sort of way, and they hear a great deal more about it. It is one of the lands where the blindest bluffs hold good and the wildest tales are true. So when they get back to the States again, the tourists begin to unfold to their friends and their friends' friends and to their acquaintances and to anybody who will listen, particularly to overcredulous newspaper men, the wildest tales that human ingenuity can devise.

For a long time the Alaskans did their best to chase down these lies, but they failed. The liar had all the advantages of telegraphs and daily mails and the widespread publicity given by the too credulous newspaper men. Then the Alaskans gave up the direct attack and took up the gentle art of lying themselves. They had so much time to practice when there was nothing else to interfere that every two weeks, when the mailboat came in, a fine new crop of marvelous stories had been carefully harvested for dissemination in the States. The steamship men were always the medium through which these stories were communicated to the credulous public of Oregon, Washington and California. These steamship men rapidly acquired a large reputation with the readers of thrilling newspaper accounts of brave newspaper deeds. The people on the Pacific coast seem to be singularly open minded and receptive. But even they caught on after awhile to the fact that the Alaskans were jollying them. Then reason took the natural form, and you couldn't find a Pacific coast man with a horse take who would believe an Alaska steamship man's story if the narrator was literally incased in Bibles.

It developed through the somewhat general competition that as a compounder of able tales Tom Barrett was easily at the head. He won his distinction and his title at the same time, springing from comparative obscurity in the ranks of liars by one successful coup. Barrett was in the employ of a trading company at the westward. He rolled into Sitka one day with the most astonishing stories of the auriferous riches of Middleton island, a little chunk of rock and sand that had been heaved up above the water by some submarine volcanic eruption far out in the middle of the north Pacific ocean. All Alaska that could go started for Middleton island on the strength of Barrett's yarns, and all Alaska that couldn't go grub staked somebody who could. When the excitement was over and those who went to Middleton island had got back and those who didn't go were out their grub stakes, the man who had started the rush spontaneously became known to all Alaska as "Lying Tom Barrett."

"Lying Tom Barrett" told the yarn about the Mohican to the newspaper man in Port Townsend, who telegraphed a column of it to his paper in Seattle and started it around the world. Barrett was coming down from Alaska and on the way put up the job with the steamship men to spring a yarn that should make a sensation in the States. The steamship men knew they couldn't make it go themselves, but they agreed to back Barrett up in whatever he said and to give him a good send off if there was effort at verification. So when the steamer put in at Port Townsend, Barrett got himself interviewed, and the next day the world was reading "Captain Thomas Barrett's" remarkable story of the loss of the Mohican. When the yarn got back to Juneau and Sitka, there were some Alaskans who laughed mightily at the hoax, but others, who knew the officers of the Mohican thought of the cruelty of it to the relatives and friends of the cutter's men, and on the whole Barrett's story did not meet with the approval even of the liars. That was carrying the thing too far. Harmless stories about islands of gold or impossible customs of unheard of people were well enough, but this lie turned the tide in favor of truthfulness, and now Alaskans are more circumspect in their stories about the territory. But Barrett will never be anybody but "Lying Tom" to them.—New York Sun.

### A Rosina Mot.

Arditi prints in his reminiscences a pleasant little mot of Rosina. When Mme. Arditi was first presented to him, the great composer bowed and said, "Now I know why Arditi composed 'Il Bacio' ('The Kiss')." Again, when Arditi had done Rosina some trifling service, the composer was profuse in thanks and cordially offered him as a souvenir "one of my wigs," which were arranged on stands on the chiffonier.

### An Old Dog.

It is interesting to study the eccentricities of animals. Their freaks and fancies seem to make them almost human. A dear old collie who has been indulged in all sorts of ridiculous whims has recently taken upon himself to resent the habit of his master and mistress in sitting up late. When the dog considers that it is bedtime, he becomes restless and wanders about the room, looking ruefully at the offenders as much as to say, "Aren't you ever going to take your departure up stairs?" When he becomes convinced that his mute appeals are unheeded, he walks slowly to his accustomed corner and with a deep grunt of dissatisfaction settles himself ostensibly for the night. The funniest part of this performance is that he never spends the night in that corner, but the moment the lights are out and he feels sure of not being driven down stairs where he belongs he takes up his quarters at the top of the stairs leading to his master's bedroom. This same dog has as keen an appreciation of good cake as any human epicure. The wag of his tail when pound cake is given to him and the refusal of that tail to wag when sponge cake is offered tell the story as plainly as words.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Thirty-eight days are required for a letter to go from New York to the Falkland Islands.

**W. L. Douglas \$3.00 SHOE**  
BEST IN THE WORLD.  
A \$5.00 SHOE FOR \$3.00.  
It is stylish, durable and perfect-fitting, qualities absolutely necessary to make a finished shoe. The cost of manufacturing allows a smaller profit to dealers than any shoe sold at \$3.00.  
The "Belmont" and "Pointed Toe" (shown in cuts) will be the leaders this season, but any other style desired may be obtained from our agents.  
We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Calf, and Calf leather. The price of the shoes will correspond with prices of the shoes.  
If dealer cannot supply you, write  
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.  
CATALOGUE FREE.

**GEO. SNYDER, 33 East Main Street.**

People read the advertisements in a live newspaper. Moral Advertise in THE INDEPENDENT.

# Teachers' Bibles.

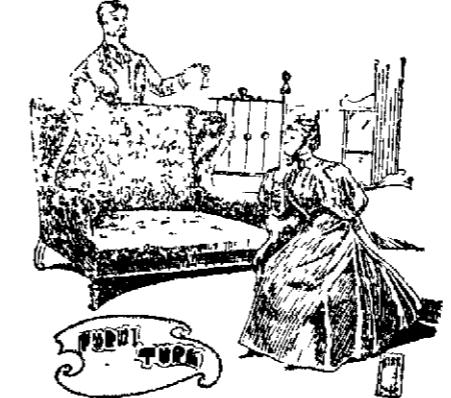
## A Special New Cheap Edition. With Large Type



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# Think it over

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Miss Annie Rossman is now being treated at the Arapahoe County hospital in Denver after having broken the record in somnambulism. During her excursions while asleep she has been rescued from injury or death by the police more than 160 times. Bolts, bars, handcuffs and chains have all failed to keep her within her room, and clad in a nightgown she has roamed the streets of Denver night after night.

Everything possible was done to cure the young woman, but to no purpose until she was placed in the hospital. There she has been watched by an attendant, and cold water has been thrown in her face every time she has sought to leave her bed or escape. This plan seems to be proving efficacious, and for the present at least her sleepwalking career has been closed.

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Many methods have been unsuccessfully adopted to restrain her from her nocturnal excursions. The windows of her room have been locked and the key to the door hidden, but to no purpose. When the door has been locked from the outside, she has managed to pick the lock and make her way to the street. At other times she has been tied in her bed. In releasing herself she has exhibited the skill of the conjurer, for no knot could be tied that she was unable to loosen, and, no matter how the ropes were arranged, she always found a way to release herself. Handcuffs have been attached to her wrists and then chained to the bed, but her hands slipped through the rings in her sleep in a fashion that she could not explain when she awoke. In a waking condition she could never perform the feat. At another time the key to her room was placed at the bottom of a barrel of water that rested in one corner of her apartment, but she secured the key, and the contact with the chilled fluid did not awaken her.

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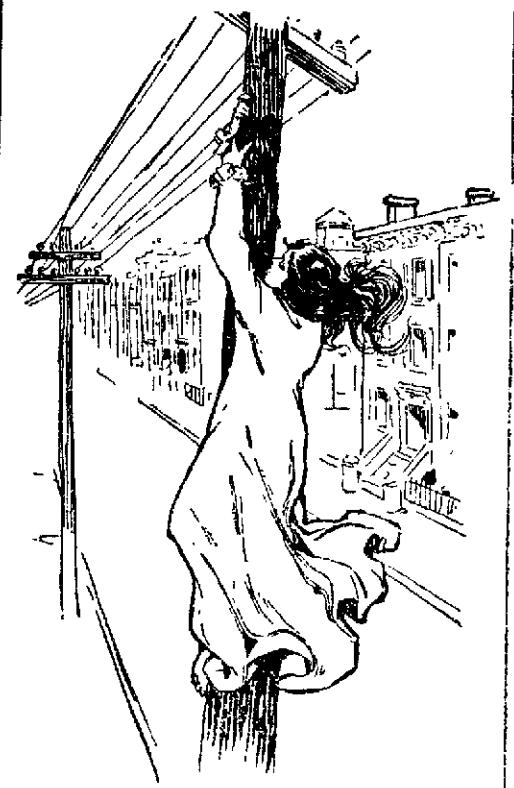
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IMAGINED HERSELF A LINEMAN.

began a series of movements very like the double shuffle of a negro minstrel. No officer chanced to be near, and no one interfered. The movements of her feet and limbs grew more and more rapid, while her body swayed from side to side after the fashion of a nautch girl. Then, flinging her arms above her head, she danced wildly and continued this at intervals, without attempting to leave the corner, until a patrolman took her by the arm and walked her toward the station. She did not awaken until almost at the station door.

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Miss Rossman is a native of Pecola, Kan. When she first began to walk in her sleep, the attacks were not frequent, and it was only after she became a resident of Denver that her affliction grew upon her. Physicians who have studied Miss Rossman's case say that her trouble is largely due to the sluggish condition of her blood. During the time she is under the influence of somnambulism her face is almost as pale and cold as that of a person who is dead.

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The next memory he has is of living in Paris, the son of an English shoemaker. It was in the stormy period of the French revolution. His father was unmolested, but one night the son rescued a girl from ill treatment at the hands of some street ruffian. On the pretext that he was a defender of the aristocracy and an enemy of liberty he was arrested and sent next day with a cartload of other unfortunate to the guillotine. The knife descended, there was an instant of pain, then oblivion.

His fourth life opened in this land of the free as the son of a plantation overseer in the south. When 14 years old, he went bathing with some companions. He was seized with cramp, he remembers giving a cry for help, then of going down, of the blood rushing to his brain, of strange noises in his ears, of brilliant lights which dazzled his eyes, and then again unconsciousness, oblivion, nirvana, until memory revived in him on the Broome county farm. If the lad were older, the theory that he had read of the events of which he relates and was romancing would appear terrible, but, scarcely able to spell and with parents who are as unfamiliar with the events of which he tells as they are of the dead languages, his case is of unusual interest.

## Where He Draws the Line.

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## ACCOUNT OF A HOAX.

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How "Lying Tom Barrett" Came to Tell the Yarn—A Rivalry Had Grown Up Among the Munchausens, but the Mohican Lie Was a Little Too Much.

Very many persons may remember the story that was telegraphed and cables all over the world in the summer of 1895 of the sinking of the United States revenue cutter Mohican by the British seal pirate Belle of the Pacific somewhere in that indefinite part of the north Pacific ocean known to all Alaskans as "the westward." Not so many probably will remember that the story was a fake, because it is the lamentable history of such things that the truth never completely overtakes the lie. It was a lie out of whole cloth, as was demonstrated when the Mohican turned up all right that fall at the end of the patrol season, but the manner of its publication has not been told.

This lie began to have its being years ago when the steamers first began to take tourists from "down below," as Alaskans call the States, up through the gorgeous scenery of the north Pacific coast line for a peep at the northern territory.

As a usual thing the tourists spend eight or ten hours ashore at Juneau and as much more in Sitka. Sometimes they make a dash up to Muir glacier. Altogether they see a lot of the country in a panoramic sort of way, and they hear a great deal more about it. It is one of the lands where the blindest bluffs hold good and the wildest tales are true. So when they get back to the States again, the tourists begin to unfold to their friends and their friends' friends and to their acquaintances and to anybody who will listen, particularly to overcredulous newspaper men, the wildest tales that human ingenuity can devise.

For a long time the Alaskans did their best to chase down these lies, but they failed. The liar had all the advantages of telegraphs and daily mails and the widespread publicity given by the too credulous newspaper men. Then the Alaskans gave up the direct attack and took up the gentle art of lying themselves. They had so much time to practice when there was nothing else to interfere that every two weeks, when the mailboat came in, a fine new crop of marvelous stories had been carefully harvested for dissemination in the States. The steamship men were always the medium through which these stories were communicated to the credulous public of Oregon, Washington and California. These steamship men rapidly acquired a large reputation with the readers of thrilling newspaper accounts of brave newspaper deeds. The people on the Pacific coast seem to be singularly open minded and receptive. But even they caught on after awhile to the fact that the Alaskans were jollying them. Then resentment took the natural form, and you couldn't find a Pacific coast man with a horse rake who would believe an Alaska steamship man's story if the narrator was literally incased in Bibles.

It developed through the somewhat general competition that as a compounder of able tales Tom Barrett was easily at the head. He won his distinction and his title at the same time, springing from comparative obscurity in the ranks of liars by one successful coup. Barrett was in the employ of a trading company at the westward. He rolled into Sitka one day with the most astonishing stories of the auriferous riches of Middleton island, a little chunk of rock and sand that had been heaved up above the water by some submarine volcanic eruption far out in the middle of the north Pacific ocean. All Alaska that could go started for Middleton island on the strength of Barrett's yarns, and all Alaska that couldn't go grab staked somebody who could. When the excitement was over and those who went to Middleton island had got back and those who didn't go were out their grub stakes, the man who had started the rush spontaneously became known to all Alaska as "Lying Tom Barrett."

"Lying Tom Barrett" told the yarn about the Mohican to the newspaper man in Port Townsend, who telegraphed a column of it to his paper in Seattle and started it around the world. Barrett was coming down from Alaska and on the way put up the job with the steamship men to spring a yarn that should make a sensation in the States. The steamship men knew they couldn't make it go themselves, but they agreed to back Barrett up in whatever he said and to give him a good send off if there was effort at verification. So when the steamer put in at Port Townsend, Barrett got himself interviewed, and the next day the world was reading "Captain Thomas Barrett's" remarkable story of the loss of the Mohican. When the yarn got back to Juneau and Sitka, there were some Alaskans who laughed mightily at the hoax, but others, who knew the officers of the Mohican thought of the cruelty of it to the relatives and friends of the cutter's men, and on the whole Barrett's story did not meet with the approval even of the liars. That was carrying the thing too far. Harmless stories about islands of gold or in impossible customs of unheard of people were well enough, but this lie turned the tide in favor of truthfulness, and now Alaskans are more circumspect in their stories about the territory. But Barrett will never be anybody but "Lying Tom" to them.—New York Sun.

## A Rossini Mot.

Arditi prints in his reminiscences a pleasant little mot of Rossini. When Mme. Arditto was first presented to him, the great composer bowed and said, "Now I know why Arditto composed 'Il Bacio' ('The Kiss')." Again, when Arditto had done Rossini some trifling service, the composer was profuse in thanks and cordially offered him as a souvenir "one of my wigs," which were arranged on stands on the chiffonier.

## An Old Dog.

It is interesting to study the eccentricities of animals. Their freaks and fancies seem to make them almost human. A dear old collie who has been indulged in all sorts of ridiculous whims has recently taken upon himself to resent the habit of his master and mistress in sitting up late. When the dog considers that it is bedtime, he becomes restless and wanders about the room, looking ruefully at the offenders as much as to say, "Aren't you ever going to take your departure up stairs?"

When he becomes convinced that his mate appeals are unheeded, he walks slowly to his accustomed corner and with a deep grunt of dissatisfaction settles himself ostensibly for the night. The funniest part of this performance is that he never spends the night in that corner, but the moment the lights are out and he feels sure of not being driven down stairs where he belongs he takes up his quarters at the top of the stairs leading to his master's bedroom. This same dog has as keen an appreciation of good cake as any human epicure. The wag of his tail when pound cake is given to him and the refusal of that tail to wag when sponge cake is offered tell the story as plainly as words.—Brooklyn Eagle.

## W. L. Douglas

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Miss Rossman is a native of Peoria, Ill. When she first began to walk in her sleep, the attacks were not frequent, and it was only after she became a resident of Denver that her affliction grew upon her. Physicians who have studied Miss Rossman's case say that her trouble is largely due to the sluggish condition of her blood. During the time she is under the influence of somnambulism her face is almost as pale and cold as that of a person who is dead.

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How "Lying Tom Barrett" Came to Tell the Yarn. A Rivalry Had Grown Up Among the Munchausens, but the Mohican Lie Was a Little Too Much.

Very many persons may remember the story that was telegraphed and called all over the world in the summer of 1895 of the sinking of the United States revenue cutter Mohican by the British seal pirate Belle of the Pacific somewhere in that indefinite part of the north Pacific ocean known to all Alaskans as "the westward." Not so many probably will remember that the story was a fake, because it is the lamentable history of such things that the truth never completely overtakes the lie. It was a lie out of whole cloth, as was demonstrated when the Mohican turned up all right that fall at the end of the patrol season, but the manner of its publication has not been told.

This lie began to have its being years ago when the steamers first began to take tourists from "down below," as Alaskans call the States, up through the gorgeous scenery of the north Pacific coast line for a peep at the northern territory. As a usual thing the tourists spend eight or ten hours ashore at Juneau and as much more in Sitka. Sometimes they make a dash up to Muir glacier. Altogether they see a lot of the country in a panoramic sort of way, and they hear a great deal more about it. It is one of the lands where the blindest bluffs hold good and the wildest tales are true. So when they get back to the States again, the tourists begin to unfold to their friends and their friends' friends and to their acquaintances and to anybody who will listen, particularly to overcredulous newspaper men, the wildest tales that human ingenuity can devise.

For a long time the Alaskans did their best to chase down these lies, but they failed. The liar had all the advantages of telegraphs and daily mails and the widespread publicity given by the too credulous newspapermen. Then the Alaskans gave up the direct attack and took up the gentle art of lying themselves. They had so much time to practice when there was nothing else to interfere that every two weeks, when the mailboat came in, a fine new crop of marvelous stories had been carefully harvested for dissemination in the States. The steamship men were always the medium through which these stories were communicated to the credulous public of Oregon, Washington and California. These steamship men rapidly acquired a large reputation with the readers of thrilling newspaper accounts of brave newspaper deeds. The people on the Pacific coast seem to be singularly open minded and receptive. But even they caught on after awhile to the fact that the Alaskans were jollying them. Then resentment took the natural form, and you couldn't find a Pacific coast man with a horse rake who would believe an Alaska steamship man's story if the narrator was literally incased in Bibles.

It developed through the somewhat general competition that as a compounder of able tales Tom Barrett was easily at the head. He won his distinction and his title at the same time, springing from comparative obscurity in the ranks of liars by one successful coup. Barrett was in the employ of a trading company at the westward. He rolled into Sitka one day with the most astonishing stories of the surferous riches of Middleton island, a little chunk of rock and sand that had been heaved up above the water by some submarine volcanic eruption far out in the middle of the north Pacific ocean. All Alaska that could go started for Middleton island on the strength of Barrett's yarns, and all Alaska that couldn't go grub staked somebody who could. When the excitement was over and those who went to Middleton island had got back and those who didn't go were out their grub stakes, the man who had started the rush spontaneously became known to all Alaska as "Lying Tom Barrett."

"Lying Tom Barrett" told the yarn about the Mohican to the newspaper man in Port Townsend, who telegraphed a column of it to his paper in Seattle and started it around the world. Barrett was coming down from Alaska and on the way put up the job with the steamship men to spring a yarn that should make a sensation in the States. The steamship men knew they couldn't make it go themselves, but they agreed to back Barrett up in whatever he said and to give him a good send off if there was effort at verification. So when the steamer put in at Port Townsend, Barrett got himself interviewed, and the next day the world was reading "Captain Thomas Barrett's" remarkable story of the loss of the Mohican. When the yarn got back to Juneau and Sitka, there were some Alaskans who laughed mightily at the hoax, but others, who knew the officers of the Mohican thought of the cruelty of it to the relatives and friends of the cutter's men, and on the whole Barrett's story did not meet with the approval even of the liars. That was carrying the thing too far. Harmless stories about islands of gold or impossible customs of unheard of people were well enough, but this lie turned the tide in favor of truthfulness, and now Alaskans are more circumspect in their stories about the territory. But Barrett will never be anybody but "Lying Tom" to them. —New York Sun.

**A Rossetti Mot.**

Arditi prints in his reminiscences a pleasant little mot of Rossini. When Mme. Ardit was first presented to him, the great composer bowed and said, "Now I know why Ardit composed 'Il Bacio' ('The Kiss')." Again, when Ardit had done Rossini some trifling service, the composer was profuse in thanks and cordially offered him as a souvenir "one of my wigs," which were arranged on stands on the chiffonier.

### An Old Dog.

It is interesting to study the eccentricities of animals. Their freaks and fancies seem to make them almost human. A dear old collie who has been indulged in all sorts of ridiculous whims has recently taken upon himself to represent the habit of his master and mistress in sitting up late. When the dog considers that it is bedtime, he becomes restless and wanders about the room, looking ruefully at the offenders as much as to say, "Aren't you ever going to take your departure up stairs?" When he becomes convinced that his mute appeals are unheeded, he walks slowly to his accustomed corner and with a deep grunt of dissatisfaction settles himself ostensibly for the night. The funniest part of this performance is that he never spends the night in that corner, but the moment the lights are out, and he feels sure of not being driven down stairs where he belongs he takes up his quarters at the top of the stairs leading to his master's bedroom. This same dog has as keen an appreciation of good cake as any human epicure. The wag of his tail when pound cake is given to him and the refusal of that tail to wag when sponge cake is offered tell the story as plainly as words. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Thirty-eight days are required for a letter to go from New York to the Falkland islands.



We make also \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes for men and \$2.50, \$3.00 and \$3.75 for boys. The full line for sale by

**W. L. Douglas**

**\$3.00 SHOE**

BEST IN THE WORLD.

A \$5.00 SHOE FOR \$3.00.

It is stylish, durable and perfect-fitting, qualities absolutely necessary to make a finished shoe. The cost of manufacturing allows a smaller profit to dealers than any shoe sold at \$3.00.

W. L. Douglas \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$5.00 Shoes are the productions of skilled workmen, from the best material possible to put into shoes sold at these prices.

The "Belmont" and "Pointed Toe" (shown in cuts) will be the leaders this season, but any other style desired may be obtained from our agents.

We use only the best Calf, Russia Calf (all colors), French Patent Calf, French Enamel, Vic Kid, etc., graded to correspond with the quality of the shoe.

If dealer cannot supply you, write

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

CATALOGUE FREE.

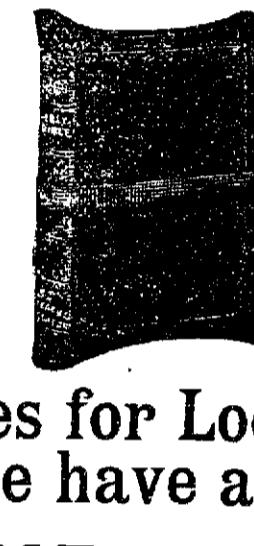
**GEO. SNYDER, 33 East Main Street.**

People read the advertisements in a live newspaper. Moral

Advertise in THE INDEPENDENT.

# Teachers' Bibles.

## A Special New Cheap Edition. With Large Type



Self Pronouncing Teachers' Bibles, Large Type, Reference Maps and all necessary helps to Bible Study.

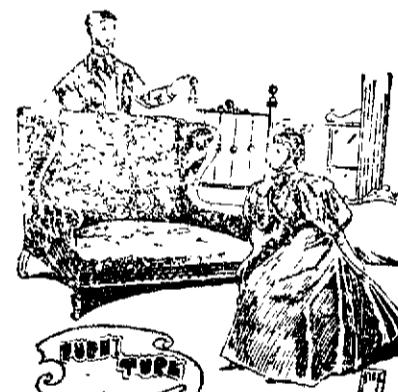
Pulpit Bibles, Bibles for Lodges, Family Bibles, Testaments. We have a complete line of

**AMERICAN : BIBLE : SOCIETY : BIBLES...**

**- - DIARIES for 1897 - -**

Baer's Lancaster Almanacs.

**Bahney's Bookstore, 20 E. Main St.**



**Think it over**

And you'll readily see how it will be possible to freshen up the parlor and bedroom.

# THE BIGGEST GENUINE REDUCTIONS IN CLOTHING EVER OFFERED in the CITY

No up-to-date merchant will carry a stock of clothing from one season to another. His capital must be turned, and to keep the wheels moving it must be SELL, SELL, all the time, in season and out. Our stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing is a great deal larger than it should be at this time, and as January and February always mean an immense loss to every progressive clothing house, we have decided to turn the DULL MONTHS into BUSY MONTHS, and the only sure means we know of to do this is LEGITIMATE PRICE CUTTING. Read 'em all carefully.

## CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS,

ages 4 to  
13, at

89c.

Every one worth \$2.00,  
or your money back.

Better values than ever before in Men's Perfect Suits at.....

5.00

Men's Kersey Overcoats in black or blue, good heavyweight overcoats...  
Made in the correct style. We sold these coats all season at \$8. Others  
still charge that price, but during this sale we will sell them at.....

4.75

Neat fitting, well made garments. Some are all wool. Same styles as  
higher grades. Trimmings the best and always sold at \$8.00 and \$10.00.

Better Values than ever before in Men's Fine All Wool Suits at.....

7.00

Men's Storm Coats or Ulsters in Rough Material or Irish Frieses.....  
Cloth lined, large collars, extra long coats, that sold for \$10.00 and  
\$12.00, in this sale go at.....

6.00

Cassimeres, Thibets, Cheviots and Scotches, single or double breasted,  
sacks, frocks or cutaways. Perfect in fit and finish. Every garment  
tailor made, and all \$10.00 and \$14.00 suits. Go at.....

Young Men's Overcoats; sizes 33 to 36, a nice Cassimere Overcoat.....  
Neat pattern, a dressy Overcoat, for.....

2.25

## Better Values Than Ever Before in Men's Suits

Men's Pantaloons in Cheviots, Tweeds and Worsteds, Elegant Patterns,  
That sold at \$3.00 and \$3.50, are now on the bargain table at.....

1.59

Children's Short Pants Suits.....  
that sold for \$5.00, brown and gray mixtures,  
made up in sack styles, good serviceable suits, made to wear well  
and made to sell for \$5.00, but in this upset of prices go at.....

\$2.50 Per  
Suit

Children's Knee Pants, ages 4 to 14. Short Pants that sold at 50c.....  
Material, Cheviots; color, black and brown. Go in this sale at.....

25c

In Cheviots, Worsteds, Cassimeres and Fancy Mixtures. Good, strong,  
well made, well trimmed suits. We sold them at \$3.00, \$3.50 and  
\$4.00. We bought too many in certain sizes, consequently we have  
quite a few left in sizes 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. We just slaughtered the price  
and will give you your choice at.....

1.98  
Per Suit

Men's and Boys' Mackintoshes, a double texture coat in black or blue..  
Long Capes. We have made the price on these coats so low that  
everybody can at last own a mackintosh.....

3.00

The best Stiff Hat ever offered at.....  
The best Soft Hat (all colors, latest styles) ever offered at.....

1.00

## Leather Gloves and Mittens,

Men's and Boys' Sizes, that sold at 39c.  
and 50c per pair, will be sacrificed at

24c PER  
PAIR

## Men's Underwear, Fleece Lined.....

50 cents  
Per Garment.  
\$1.00  
Per Suit.

Men's and Boys' Shirts.....  
In Cheviots, Gingham and Domestic Flannels, all colors, regular 50c  
Shirts, will be sold at.....

25c

## Fine Heavyweight Fleece Lined Underwear . . .

94 cents  
Per Garment.  
\$1.88  
Per Suit.

But we only have them in sizes 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 13, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 14, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 15.

48c

Cardigan Jackets--Same as wool knit jackets--colors  
grey and black. We sold  
them at 75c. They're worth that yet, but in this sale go at

39c

Jersey Top Shirts.. Extra heavy shirts, in all colors and  
sizes, most of them all wool.  
Sold heretofore at 75c and \$1.00. Will go in this sale for 50c

At the prices quoted above these goods will not last long, and our confidence in the prices and qualities offered in this ad. is at once apparent, as we request all purchasers in case of dissatisfaction with either goods or prices to return the goods and get their money.

Our better lines of Suits and Overcoats  
that sold at \$15, \$16 and \$18 have not been  
slighted in this general slaughter, and you  
will find the prices on all goods proportionately low. ....

C. M. WHITMAN  
18 South Erie St., Massillon.

# THE BIGGEST GENUINE REDUCTIONS IN CLOTHING EVER OFFERED in the CITY

No up-to-date merchant will carry a stock of clothing from one season to another. His capital must be turned, and to keep the wheels moving it must be SELL, SELL, all the time, in season and out. Our stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing is a great deal larger than it should be at this time, and as January and February always mean an immense loss to every progressive clothing house, we have decided to turn the DULL MONTHS into BUSY MONTHS, and the only sure means we know of to do this is LEGITIMATE PRICE CUTTING. Read 'em all carefully.

**CHILDREN'S OVERCOATS,** ages 4 to 13, at **89c.** Every one worth \$2.00, or your money back.

Better values than ever before in Men's Perfect Suits at.....	5.00	Men's Kersey Overcoats in black or blue, good heavyweight overcoats. Made in the correct style. We sold these coats all season at \$8. Others still charge that price, but during this sale we will sell them at.....	4.75
Neat fitting, well made garments. Some are all wool. Same styles as higher grades. Trimmings the best and always sold at \$8.00 and \$10.00.			
Better Values than ever before in Men's Fine All Wool Suits at.....	7.00	Men's Storm Coats or Ulsters in Rough Material or Irish Friezes..... Cloth lined, large collars, extra long coats, that sold for \$10.00 and \$12.00, in this sale go at.....	6.00
Cassimeres, Thibets, Cheviots and Scotches, single or double breasted, sacks, frocks or cutaways. Perfect in fit and finish. Every garment tailor made, and all \$10.00 and \$14.00 suits. Go at.....		Young Men's Overcoat; sizes 33 to 36, a nice Cassimere Overcoat..... Neat pattern, a dressy Overcoat, for.....	2 25

**Better Values Than Ever Before in Men's Suits** that sold for \$5.00, brown and gray mixtures, made up in sack styles, good serviceable suits, made to wear well and made to sell for \$5.00, but in this upset of prices go at..... **\$2.50** Per Suit

Men's Pantaloons in Cheviots, Tweeds and Worsteds, Elegant Patterns, That sold at \$3.00 and \$3.50, are now on the bargain table at.....	1.59	Children's Short Pants Suits..... In Cheviots, Worsteds, Cassimeres and Fancy Mixtures. Good, strong, well made, well trimmed suits. We sold them at \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00. We bought too many in certain sizes, consequently we have quite a few left in sizes 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8. We just slaughtered the price and will give you your choice at.....	1.98
Children's Knee Pants, ages 4 to 14, Short Pants that sold at 50c..... Material, Cheviots; color, black and brown Go in this sale at.....	25c	The best Stiff Hat ever offered at.....	1.00
Men's and Boys' Mackintoshes, a double texture coat in black or blue. Long Capes. We have made the price on these coats so low that everybody can at last own a mackintosh.....	3.00	The best Soft Hat (all colors, latest styles) ever offered at.....	

**Leather Gloves and Mittens,** Men's and Boys' Sizes, that sold at 39c. and 50c per pair, will be sacrificed at **24c** PER PAIR

Men's Underwear, <b>Fleece Lined.</b> . . . . .	50 cents Per Garment. \$1.00 Per Suit.	Men's and Boys' Shirts..... In Cheviots, Ginghams and Domestic Flannels, all colors, regular 50c Shirts, will be sold at..... But we only have them in sizes 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 13, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 14, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 15.	25c
Fine Heavyweight Fleece Lined Underwear . . .	94 cents Per Garment. \$1.88 Per Suit.	A Good Suit of Underwear for Men or Boys.....	48c

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**24c** PER PAIR

Men's Underwear, <small>Fleece Lined</small> ..... Our regular 75c Underwear, goes at.....	50 cents Per Garment. \$1.00 Per Suit.	Men's and Boys' Shirts..... In Cheviots, Gingham and Domestic Flannels, all colors, regular 50c Shirts, will be sold at..... But we only have them in sizes 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 13, 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 14, 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ and 15.	25c
Fine Heavyweight Fleece Lined Underwear..... Values that cannot be duplicated elsewhere. Will be sold in this sale at.....	94 cents Per Garment. \$1.88 Per Suit.	A Good Suit of Underwear for Men or Boys.....	48c

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**C. M. WHITMAN**

18 South Erie St., Massillon.

# The Massillon Independent.

ISSUED SEMI-WEEKLY.

MASSILLON, OHIO THURSDAY JANUARY 7, 1897.

XXXV-NO. 43

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

### ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. VOLGER, Attorney at Law, No. 3 Commission Building, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Notary Public Office, second floor over Rudolph's Jewelry store, South Erie street, Massillon, O. Will give strict attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

### BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. James C. Coleman, President, J. H. Hunt, Cashier.

### PHYSICIANS.

D. W. H. KIRKLAND, Homeopathic Physician. Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

### HARDWARE.

S. A. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

### MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable and Stationary Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, etc.

MASSILLON ROLLING MILL, Jos. Cornish & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of a superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.

MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY, manufactures Green Glass Hollow Ware, Beer Bottles, Flasks, &c.

MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO. Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Iron Structures.

### CROSERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1832, Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce. Ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

### JEWELERS.

C. F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store. C. East Main street.

JOSEPH COLEMAN, dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.



Monday, January 4, we begin the sale of 1897 wash goods—a collection that merits every woman's attention—one that far surpasses in beauty and goodness any former year's offering—each of the different lines has been made a perfect example of the store's determination to win with large assortments, choice goods and less prices.

ANDERSON'S MADRAS GINGHAM AND NOVELTIES.

—The superb fine goods made by the celebrated D. J. Anderson mills, Glasgow, Scotland—believe this store can show you more and choicer Anderson's ginghams than you'll see anywhere—prices 35 and 40%.

IRISH DIMITIES

—An exquisite collection—our own importations—20c and 25c. Best American Dimities, 10c and 12c.

Bautiful New Organies

—fine, sheer and dainty—such examples of fine art printing as will surprise even the most lavish expectation—25c and 35c.

Raye Stripe Organies, 35c. All the choice new white goods are here—almost endless assortment—5c to \$1.25.

Finest French Challis, 25c, 30c, 35c—silk stripe challis 50c, 60c.

Write for samples and take the real facts—goods and prices—as evidence whether it will pay you to buy new wash goods here.

**BOGGS & BUHL,**  
ALLEGHENY, PA.

The New Hock Spoon Free To All.

I read in the Christian Standard that Miss A. M. Fritz, Station A, St. Louis, Mo., would give an elegant plated hock spoon to anyone sending her ten 2 cent stamps. I sent for one and found it so useful that I showed it to my friend, and made \$18.00 in two hours, taking orders for the spoon. The hock spoon is a household necessity. It cannot slip into the dish or cooking vessel. The spoon is something the housekeepers have used ever since spoons were first invented. Anyone can get a sample spoon by sending ten two cent stamps to Miss Fritz. This is a splendid way to make money around home.

Very truly, Jeannette S.

### A Chance to make Money.

I have made \$1,640 clear money in 87 days and attended to my household duties besides, and I think this is doing splendid for a woman inexperienced in business. Anyone can sell what every one wants to buy, and every family wants a Dish Washer. I don't canvass at all; people come or send for the washer, and every washer that goes out sells two or three more, as they do the work to perfection. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I am going to devote my whole time to this business now and I am sure I can clear \$6,000 a year. My sister and brother have started business and are doing splendid. You can get complete instructions and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., Station A, Pittsburgh Pa., and if you don't make lots of money it's your own fault.

Mrs. W. H.

Now is the time to subscribe.

## COST OF ARMOR PLATE.

### Herbert Reports Result of His Investigation.

### COMPANIES WANT RID OF PLANTS.

Carnegie Offer to Sell Out at Cost and Bethlehem People Below Cost—Manufacturers Making Too Much Profit. Don't Favor a Government Plant.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—Secretary Herbert has transmitted to congress his reply to a provision in the last naval appropriation bill directing him to examine into the actual cost of armor plate and report to congress before Jan. 1, 1897, and to make no contract for armor plate for the vessels authorized by that act until after the report was made to congress. This provision of the bill grew out of a heated debate in the house and senate, in which the main contention was that the government was paying too much for armor plates. The report is a very important and in many respects a sensational document.

The present cost of armor is \$583 per ton. Mr. Herbert's conclusion is that the cost of material and labor is \$198.70 and allowing for the cost of maintaining the plant and the nickel now furnished by the government and 50 per cent profit to the companies the net cost to the government would be in round numbers \$400 per ton. The Carnegie and Bethlehem companies have both expressed a desire to sell out their plants the government, the former at cost and the latter below cost.

The secretary opposes the government having its own plant, but thinks the companies are making too much. They should have, he thinks, a fair profit.

For a time both firms refused to give information, but finally did so.

The Bethlehem company accused the government of unfairness in giving contracts to the Carnegies, after assuring them that they would get the work.

Secretary Herbert questions the figures of the cost of the plants, the Bethlehem estimating their plant at \$4,000,000 and the Carnegies at \$3,000,000.

The Bethlehem company estimates the cost of armor plate as follows:

Estimated cost of labor and material, \$250.

Interest on cost of plant, \$78.29.

Maintenance and depreciation \$132.72.

Working capital, \$33.55.

Total, \$194.56.

The Carnegie company's estimate was as follows, exclusive of shop cost:

Interest on plant per ton of armor, \$81.53.

Maintenance of plant per ton of armor, \$67.94.

Loss by abandonment of plant when navy shall have been completed per ton of armor, \$75.49.

Total, \$224.96.

To this the Carnegie company also adds \$25 per ton for working capital.

Secretary Herbert speaks of the armor furnished by the companies to Russia at \$349 per ton, and later at \$320 per ton and concludes from a comparison of prices that there is at least a "friendly" understanding or agreement among the powerful armor manufacturers of the world to maintain prices at or about the same level."

In summing up the secretary asks what will be a price sufficient to justify manufacturers in maintaining armor plants. "These two contractors have already been repaid the cost of their plants, together with fair profits. The government is under no obligation to pay them more than the cost of their original investment, but should pay them enough to maintain the plants." It has been determined, he says, that the cost of labor and material in a ton of double-forged nickel-steel Harveyed armor, including allowances for losses in manufacture, is \$198.78. This comprises every element in cost save maintenance of plant.

He allows 10 per cent for this and says it is enough and more. He estimates that the cost of the plants of the two companies to be \$1,500,000, and an allowance of \$150,000 per annum would be sufficient for maintaining the plants. Supposing that 2,500 tons of armor is manufactured yearly, it gives an allowance of \$60 per ton, making, in round numbers, the cost of armor plate \$250 per ton. If 3,000 tons were manufactured, the price could be ascertained by adding \$50 to the original cost per ton, \$198 or \$248. He concludes that \$250 may be taken as the cost of a ton of armor when the companies have fair orders for work.

This estimate is almost the exact figure which the Bethlehem company bid for furnishing armor to the Russian government, which was \$249 per ton. The cost of transportation and insurance was \$4 per ton, the nickel furnished \$20 per ton, leaving the net cost \$225 per ton, which the secretary says, if the company can barely make armor at a cost of \$250 per ton, was a loss of \$25 per ton, or \$35,000 on the 1,400 tons furnished. He points out that in the last contract which this company made with Russia, the price was \$370.20 per ton for 1,135 tons, and says that the profits must have been very large. The secretary says that it is essential that these or other armor plants be kept in operation.

The Carnegie and Bethlehem companies have erected plants costing at least \$1,000,000, but this was done upon the faith of immediate contracts guaranteeing them large profits. If congress shall decide, as the report recommends, that no such profits as has heretofore been earned are to be allowed in the future, it is not probable that other business corporations will venture upon the establishment of plants, although it has been shown by testimony that plants can be erected at a much reduced cost. Should the present armor contractors refuse to make contracts at the figure decided upon by congress, it is not probable that others would undertake the work.

Mr. Herbert says it is not desirable that the government should manufacture armor, and for these reasons, very liberal profits should be offered to the present contractors to induce them to con-

tinue their plants in operation, and he recommends, as a fair profit 50 per cent on the cost of manufacture which would be \$375 per ton. The secretary further advises that the contractors hereafter furnish the nickel which now costs the government about \$20 per ton, making the cost \$395 per ton, or in round numbers \$400. This figure, he believes, a fair and equitable price to pay for the armor for the Wisconsin, Alabama and Illinois, the three new battleships last authorized.

The government is now paying \$583 per ton for armor and with the nickel added \$583. At the prices suggested by Mr. Herbert \$500,000 would be saved on each battleship.

Unless the present law is changed, the secretary could not obtain armor for the battleships already under contract, if the companies refuse to bid within the limit congress might fix. To eliminate this difficulty, Mr. Herbert recommends that upon fixing a price for armor, congress also authorize the secretary to erect or buy or lease an armor plant or a gun plant, if necessary. If this is done better results, he believes, could be obtained.

### RESTRICTING DEATH PENALTY.

A Measure Passed by the Senate—New Cuban Resolutions.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The senate has passed the house bill abolishing the death penalty in a large number of cases. The measure is in the line of recent state laws abolishing capital punishment and applies the same principle to federal offenses, although the change is not extended to a total abolition of the death penalty. The present laws, which have come down from colonial times, have a sanguinary aspect and prescribe death for 60 offenses of various character. The bill passed reduces these offenses to five, viz: Treason, rape, murder and two offenses applicable to the army and navy.

In all other offenses hard labor for life is substituted as the maximum punishment, and even in cases of murder and rape hard labor may be substituted if the jury states in its verdict "without capital punishment." As the bill has passed the house after a long crusade by Representative Curtis of New York, and is amended, but slightly by the senate it is likely to go to the president when the minor disagreements are arranged in conference.

During the day Mr. Call (Dem., Fla.) introduced resolutions calling for information as to the condemnation of Julio Sanguiñal, at Havana, to life imprisonment, and also directing the secretary of state to demand Sanguiñal's immediate release. Mr. Peffer (Pop., Kan.) delivered a speech in support of his resolution for a national monetary commission.

### AGREED ON WOOL BILL.

The Committee's Plan for the New Tariff Schedule.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—After being in session a number of hours the committee of the wool men agreed upon the form of a bill to be presented to the ways and means committee. Its features are embodied in the memorial of the farmers' national congress adopted at its session at Indianapolis last November and later agreed on in this city in December last. In brief it asks congress to impose on Merino wool and wools of the mutton breeds of sheep unwashed, 12 cents a pound; on other wools, 8 cents a pound; double duty on all if washed, and treble if scoured.

It provides that Australian and similar wools of light shrinkage in scouring, as shorn in native condition, shall be deemed washed; that wool in any other than ordinary condition or whole fleece shall be subjected to double duty and defines what shall be deemed scoured wool.

One feature of importance was added to the bill, viz: Asking the imposition of 1 cent a year additional duty on the merino and mutton unwashed wool until the duty reaches 15 cents per pound.

### THE AGRICULTURAL SCHEDULE.

Wide Range of Industries Represented Before the Committee.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The agricultural schedule of the tariff law when considered by the ways and means committee inspired statements from the representatives of a wide range of industries. There was a conflict between Mexican cattlemen and Congressman Curtis of Kansas over the effect on cattle and beef production in this country of the Wilson rates.

Representatives of the Pennsylvania and Virginia grazers asked for bonuses on agricultural products. The Massachusetts fishermen and fish dealers and the salt importers and New York producers had interesting tilts. The southern rice growers argued the necessity of higher protection and similar arguments were presented by California fruitgrowers, Philadelphia seed men and macaroni makers, while importers of Bermuda potatoe and onions wanted concessions.

### A VOTE THIS AFTERNOON.

The Loud Bill Debated at Length in the House.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 6.—The house entered upon its work immediately after reassembling by taking up the Loud bill to amend the laws relating to second-class mail matter. The whole day was devoted to general debate on the measure under a special order which will bring the bill to a vote this afternoon at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Loud of California, the author of the bill, is its champion on the floor, and Mr. Quigg of New York, has charge of the opposition. Those who took part in the debate were Messrs. Kyle (Dem., Miss.), Burton (Rep., O.), Bromwell (Rep., O.), and Ogden (Dem., La.), in favor of the bill and Messrs. Quigg (Rep., N. Y.), Johnson (Rep., Cal.), and Cummings (Dem., N. Y.), against it.

### To Limit Height of Buildings.

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—A bill is about to be introduced in the state legislature, limiting the height of buildings to 175 feet. It will have the indorsement of the city authorities of New York and will probably be passed.

Pardon by Governor Altgeld.

## PENROSE THE CHOICE.

### Joint Republican Senatorial Caucus In Harrisburg.

### QUAY'S MAN VICTOR, 133 TO 75.

Besides the 75 to Wanamaker, Scattering Votes Went to Cameron, Robinson and Rice—Those Absent and Not Voting 4. Details of the Caucus.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 6.—The Republican joint caucus, at 9:40 last night, nominated Penrose for United States senator to succeed Cameron on the first ballot. The vote was: Penrose 133, Wanamaker 75, Cameron 1, Congressman J. B. Robinson 1, Judge Charles E. Rice 1. Absent, or not voting, 4.

The place has been conceded to Philadelphia from the start, and the fight was thus narrowed down to Wanamaker



BOIES PENROSE.

and Penrose. The latter received the support of Senator Quay, and his success is a great victory for that leader. Mr. Wanamaker was backed by the faction in which David Martin is the leader, assisted by strong organizations of business men in nearly every county. Much bitterness was exhibited on both sides.

Senator John C. Grady, who afterwards cast the single vote received by Mr. Cameron was the caucus chairman. While the caucus was deciding the senatorship Senator Quay remained at the Peoria headquarters in a hotel near the capitol awaiting the news of his victory, and Mr. Wanamaker was surrounded by a large gathering of Philadelphia business men at a rival hotel.

Even while the deathknell of his senatorial aspirations was being sounded, Mr. Wanamaker was planning to continue the fight against Senator Quay in the state. At a big massmeeting of his supporters, Mr. Wanamaker made a speech, in which he declared his intention of carrying the fight against Senator Quay into every county, and to contest with him the right to name the party candidates for state treasurer and auditor general. Senator Quay's term expires in March, 1899, and, according to Mr. Wanamaker's friends, the business men will continue their organization with the object of defeating Mr. Quay should he be a candidate for re-election. The legislature will ratify the caucus selection of Mr. Penrose on Jan. 19.

### BLISS FOR THE CABINET.

Whitelaw Reid to Be Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

CLEVELAND, Jan. 6.—President-elect McKinley and Marcus A. Hanna have at last got down to the serious work of constructing a cabinet for the new administration.

There



## THE VILLA EMILIA.

Gates that I never entered, under the shadow of trees;  
Gates with the garden discreet behind the wall;  
Is it here, O garden discreet, is it here, after all?  
Here and behind your gates,  
That the love of my life awaits  
In a golden sleep the dawn of my coming, un-  
der the trees?  
Under the quiet of trees the garden sleeps in  
the sun, and one day a wakening hand,  
Is it I, O garden discreet, is it I shall stand  
One day at the gate and claim  
Your princess in my name?  
For she sleeps and awaits the appointed com-  
ing, sleeps in the sun.

Gates that I never entered, gates of my villa  
of dreams,  
is there a princess at all that your shadows  
keep  
For her lover, O garden discreet, in a golden  
sleep?  
Ah, if behind your gates  
Only a shadow awaits  
The shadowy love that I lay at your portals,  
villa of dreams!

—Arthur Symons in *Athenaeum*.

## PLAYING MONKEY.

Great Scott! Don't tell me wimmen is allus right! I know different. Wy, it's only th' other day Mary—my missis—wor dead wrong. "Now, yer will be earful, won't yer, Jim?" says she, a-tin' a big red comforter round th' young un's neck. "Careful?" says I. "I be love yer, me boy!" as Mr. Paul Bedford used to say ter Mr. Bob Keeley, Lord! Lord! Wy, they did 'ave in them tricks!  
Yer see, my old mother 'ad been er great trick act rider, till she 'ad a ha-  
dident, an after that as fer back as Muse Celeste's day she got inter th' wardrobe at th' Adelphy an 'went on'—one er 'th' guests, 'yer know, Lord, she wor allus as jolly as an genti as a sand boy an used ter tell us kids all about before she was married, see in madame playin th' Indian girl an afterward dancin th' gavet in w'ite satin. An w'en she come' come from the theater she'd 'ave er little drop or cold gin an sing to us wee nus (a-sittin up in bed a-catin th' 'ot baked taters she'd bring us) "Down Hamong th' Green Bushes" in er sweet voice. "Miss Fitz" geordie did sing it that beautiful, "says she, a-wipin' er heyes.

"Wy did I cum ter be in th' purfesib? Well, yer see, I was brought up a bit positive an' with'er taste for th' dramer, an' bein' rather tender hearted like—takin after father, who got killed one night a-carryin out a old 'blind woman from a fire—I thought I'd like ter be a acrobat or a pantomimist. So one Christmas I gits on at Covent Garden as a sup an' act ter do er little 'bizness', with th' clown. An Mr. Payne's says ter me, says 'e, "Wy don't yer go in ter it?" An I does—goes preutis, an in the spare time did little odd jobs an' sped mother wot I could with th' 'osses. But, yer see, I was a bit old for a reg lar' beader. Besides, I'd got it on me mind ter play a monkey. Mother said as 'ow she couldn't account fer it, 'cept it w'en she went one Monday to th' zoological gardens afore I was born, and didn't want ter ter go in th' mon-  
key 'ouse; but, womanlike, she would.

"W'en I was 16, I could play a monkey for all'e was worth. I got engaged with a troop, an they giv' me a good screw—well, good for them days. It's differ-  
ent now. We worked all th' 'alls in th' provinces. Then manager over from America seen us, an we played through th' states. W'en we gits back ter London, I fixes up mother in er chandler's shop just behind Hashley's. Lord, she could nearly smell th' dustbin an quite ter th' 'osses, an id 'er good. Makes me young agin," says she.

"I'm on our troop gits, or turn at th' Huambram. An wot d' you think? I's in love with my missis—Mary Massa—a good little gal in th' back row o' th' 'bital. Well, we gits married five years ago come termorrer, an we 'as two gress—both boys. Th' second one was sly an died. But, bless your 'eart, Tommy, th' oldest, jest a-risin 4—well, there, talk about a munk! Wy, 'e on'y wanted er tail. W'en 'e wor 2 years, he 'ung an clang on ter everythunk an' nearly frightened his mother inter fits."

"Well, I've 'ad 'im with me in my act for about three months. (Another glass? I don't mind if I do. Talkin' dry work. More soda, please.) An last week I gits leave from my boss ter play ter th' 'neen' o' a old pal o' mine down th' east end way. Now, that night Mary seemed ter reg lar' 'unger mugger over Tommy. "W'at's th' matter, mother?" says I. "Oh, nuthin—I—I dunno, Jim," says th' mother. An I could a' swore she was a goin ter cry. Then she broke out quite forlorn. "Don't let that there Bob Bracy 'ave nothin to do with th' ropes," says she. "Bob was th' dead carpenter at th' all we was due at an a old sweetheart of Mary's—she's 'chuck-ed' 'im for me. 'Wy, 'e alls right, mother," says I. "I dunno," says she. "I shouldn't like ter trust Tommy with 'im," says she. "Yer know 'e allus swere he'd git even." Well, after a minute: "It's time yer was gone. Lord love 'im!" says she, a-givin th' young un a extra kiss an another turn o' th' costume.

W'en we gits ter th' all, it was pretty late—crammed with people an full of smoke. Tommy seemed a bit sleepy, but perh up w'en I puts 'e in monkey dress on 'im. "Ow's th' little man?" says I. "All right, dadda," says 'e. I gives 'im to a womans ter 'old while I goes on th' stage ter see th' tackle was all right, 'specally a little trapeze of Tommy's covered with leaves an flowers, which was fixed center o' th' stage, way up in th' flies. There was Master Bob, as busy as any bee. But 'e'd bin 'avin a drop, I could see.

"Well, Jimmy, ole man," says 'e, an' givs at me like a 'tterpotamus or a 'nna or a Cheshire cat (Bob hadn't no beauty), "ow's th' missis?" "She's all right," says I. "There ain't no flies on 'er," says I. "Yer are a lucky un, you are," says 'e. "Mary ought ter 'a been in my missis," says 'e. "Mrs. Johnson, if ter please," says I. "an not Mary, 'all, you're getting damn pertickler,"

says 'e, "but yer won't allus 'ave it yer own way," says 'e. "All ready! Stand by, Bracy," sings out th' stage manager. "Right yer are, bob," says Bob, lookin at me evillike. "Ting, ting!" goes th' bell. Up rolls th' curtain. Th' scene, a jungle, with ropes o' big red flowers a-climb in an 'anging from th' great palms, coccoons an banana trees. I must say as 'ow Bob 'ad fixed it fast rate.

Th' band strikes up, an th' music somehow gits inter one's blood. With Tommy hangin round my neck I do a lot o' turns an jumps an headers an flyin in leaps. Then th' little munk, screamin, falls headlong an on'y saves 'isself by catchin onter my tail. Lord, yer should 'ear th' people stamp an rave an laugh! But one woman faints. Then I takes th' little un in me arms, an we swings an swings, an I gives 'im a banana, an we chatter monkey fashion—chatter, chatter, an' e throws a cocoanut, an I dodges. Then 'e bolts, an hidin behind th' flowers, peels me. An in a reg'lar rage an 'issin an shriekin, I does all my big flights an gits off with no end of applause.

The little munk pops out 'is little 'ead an does 'is little act on 'is little trapeze. Then "cheep, cheep," chatter, begins ter whimper an worry an looks on fer poppa. But poppa ain't there (it's all part of th' play, yer know), an' e leans over an over till all 'n' mothers' ears is in their mouths, an they 'old on tight ter th' seats in front on 'em. 'E's sich a little un, yer see. "Oh, 'e'll fall! An 'e do fall an catches with one hand, slips again an 'angs by one foot. Th' tiny arms is stretched out; th' tiny body swings. Th' baby munk chatters an jabbers with fright.

"For th' good Lord's sake, somebody catch 'im!" cries a woman's voice. That's my cue. Bang! I'm shot up a trap—shot up 20 feet in th' air. I leap an fly from bough to bough. Th' little munk screams. I look up an see—what! Th' baby munk swingin in th' air, an there, among th' gas battens, is Bob Bracy, 'is red, evil face all a-workin, leavin over-out o' th' flies—a big, shinin knife in 'is hand. My God, he's entun th' rope—Tommy's rope. I shall be too late. Th' strength goes out o' me. Millions of lights is in me eyes. There's a red mist an smoke. Th' sea—millions o' seas—is beaten in me ears—on me 'ead—beatin me back. Me breath stops. I choke—suffocate. Me eyes grow dim. I can't see. I am blind. Me knees tremble. I stretches out me arms, but can't find th' ropes. I try ter speak—but sound. I tries again—"Dear God, 'ave mercy—is 'is mother—oh, 'is mother"—Then sudden th' strength comes back. I fly. Tommy falls. As I catches him there's a crash in th' orchestra. The people scream. Th' rope parts, an down, down inter depths unknown we go—Tommy an me together.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Bettar, ole man!" says a voice.

"Ere, drink it up, deary."

"An a wondin was a-holdin my 'ead, an I could smell brandy.

"Opn yir eyes, dadda," I opened 'em. There was Tommy, dressed ter go home an' leg red comforter round 'is neck. There was Bob, with 'is right 'and tied up a lockin rather pale.

"Wot's the matter, mate?" says I, pointing to it.

"Oh, 'e's had a bit of a burn. Yer see, a nipple 'ad fell out o' th' button close ter Tommy's rope, an th' scene caught. I couldn't eat it away in time, so I 'as ter tear it an get it bit scorched. But th' little un's all right—ain't yer, Tommy? Lord love 'im! I'd 'a' rather lose both me arms than anything should 'a' happened ter Tommy—ter Mary's baby," says 'e, a-pattn th' kid's 'ead.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Well, yer see, Bob's 'and' wor wuss than 'e thought—'e's bin a 'hontor' at th' 'spital. Well, we gits married five years ago come termorrer, an we 'as two gress—both boys. Th' second one was sly an died. But, bless your 'eart, Tommy, th' oldest, jest a-risin 4—well, there, talk about a munk! Wy, 'e on'y wanted er tail. W'en 'e wor 2 years, he 'ung an clang on ter everythunk an' nearly frightened his mother inter fits."

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## THE VILLA EMILIA.

Gates that I never entered, under the shadow of trees;  
With the garden discreet behind the wall,  
Is it here, O garden discreet, is it here, after all,  
Here and behind your gates,  
That the love of my life awaits  
In a golden sleep the dawn of my coming, under the trees?

Under the quiet of trees the garden sleeps in the sun,  
Steps and awaits one day a wakening hand,  
Is it here, O garden discreet, is it here, after all,  
Your princess in my name?  
For she sleeps and awaits the appointed coming, sleeps in the sun.

Gates that I never entered, gates of my villa of dreams,  
Is there a princess at all that your shadows keep  
For her lover, O garden discreet, in a golden sleep?  
Ah, if behind your gates  
Only a shadow awaits  
The shadow love that I lay at your portals, villa of dreams!

—Arthur Symons in *Athenaeum*.

## PLAYING MONKEY.

Great Scott! Don't tell me wimmen is allus right! I know different. W'y, it's only th' other day Mary—my missis—wor dead wrong. "Now, yer will be careful, won't yer, Jim?" says she, a-tym a big red comforter round th' young an's neck. "Careful?" says I. "I be here, my boy!" as Mr. Paul Bedford said ter say ter Mr. Bob Keeley, Lord Lord! Wat days they did 'ave in them times!

Ye see, my old mother 'ad been er great trick act rider, till she 'ad a ha-  
-cient, an' after that as fer back as Moze, Celeste's day she got inter the  
wardrobe at th' Adelphy an' went on—one er th' guests," you know.

Lord, she wor allus as jolly an as gen-  
-tle as a sand boy an used ter tell us  
kets all about before she was married,  
seen madame playin th' Indian girl an  
anward dauncin th' gavot in w'ite  
satin. An w'en she come 'ome from th'  
theater she 'd ave'er little drop er cold  
gin an sing to us w'en us (a-sittin up  
in bed a-eatin th' 'ot taters she'd  
bring us) "Down Hamong th' Green  
Bushes" in er sweet voice. "Miss Fitz-  
gerald did sing it that beautiful," says  
she, a-wipin er heyes.

Wat did I cum ter be in th' purfes? W'll, yer see, I was brought up a bit  
sensitive an with er taste for th' drama-  
-tic, an bein rather tender hearted like  
—akin after father, who got killed one  
night a-carryin out a old blind woman  
from a fire—I thought I'd like ter be a  
acrob or a pantomimist. So one  
Christmas I gots on at Covent Garden as

a souper an' ter do er little "bizness"  
with th' clown. An Mr. Payne's says  
ter me, says 'e, "W'y don't yer go in  
fer it?" An I does—goes pretus, an in  
the spare time did little odd jobs an  
joined mother wot I could with th'  
wots. But, yer see, I was a bit old fer a  
regular beader. Besides, I'd got it on  
my mind ter play a monkey. Mother  
said as 'ow she couldn't account for it,

but it wot she went one Monday to  
the zoological gardens before I was born.  
I didn't want ter go in th' mon-  
key house; but, womanlike, she would.

W'en I was 16, I could play a monkey  
fer all er wots worth. I got engaged with  
a troop, an they giv me a good screw  
—well, good for them days. It's differ-  
ent now. We worked all th' alls in th'  
provinces. Then a manager over from  
America seen us, an we played through th'  
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year ago come tomorrow, an we 'as two  
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Tommy, th' oldest, jest a-nisn 4—well,  
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Put 'd bin 'avin a drop, I could see.

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big missis," says 'e. "Mrs. Johnson,  
if er please," says I. "an not Mary."  
"Well, ye're getting damn pertickler,"

says 'e, "but yer won't allus 'ave it yer  
own way," says 'e. "All ready! Stand  
by, Bracy," sings out th' stage manager.  
"Right yer are, boss," says Bob,  
lookin at me evilelike. "Ting, ting!"  
goes th' bell. Up rolls th' curtain. Th'  
scene, a jungle, with ropes o' big red  
flowers a-climb' up an' hangin from  
th' great palms, coconuts an' banana  
trees. I must say as 'ow Bob 'ad fixed  
it fast rate.

Th' band strikes up, an th' music  
somehow gits inter one's blood. With  
Tommy hangin round my neck I do a  
lot o' turns an jumps an headers an fly-  
in leaps. Then th' little munk, scream-  
in, falls headlong an' says 'issell  
by catchin onto my tail. Lord, yer  
should 'ear th' people stamp an rave an  
laugh! But one woman faints. Then I  
takes th' little un in me arms, an we  
swings an' swings, an I gives 'im a banana,  
an we chatter monkey fashion—  
chatter, chatter, an' e throws a cocoan-  
ut, an' I dodges. Then 'e bolts, an'  
hidin behind th' flowers, pets me. An  
in a reg'lar rage an' issin an shriekin,  
I does all my big flights an gits off with  
no end of applause.

Th' little munk pops out 'is little  
'ead an does 'is little act on 'is little  
trapeze. Then "cheep, cheep," chatter,  
begins ter whimper an' worry an  
looks out fer poppa. But poppa ain't  
ther (it's all part of th' play, yer  
know), an' e leans over an over till all  
in' mothers' 'earns is in their mouths,  
an they 'olds on tight ter th' seats in  
front on 'em. 'E's sich a little un,  
yer see. "Oh, 'e'll fall! An 'e do fall  
an catches with one hand, slips agin an  
'ange by one foot. Th' tiny arms is  
stretched out; th' tiny body swings. Th'  
little munk chatters an jitters with  
fright.

"For th' good Lord's sake, somebody  
catch 'im!" cries a woman's voice.  
That's my cue. Bang! I'm shot up a  
trap—shot up 20 feet in th' air. I leap  
an fly from bough to bough. Th' little  
munk screams. I look up an see—what!  
Th' baby munk swingin in th' air, an  
there, among th' gas battens, is Bob  
Bracy, 'is red, evil face all a-workin,  
leanin over—out o' th' flies—a big,  
shinin knife in 'is and. My God, he's  
eatin th' rope—Tommy's rope. I shall  
be too late. Th' strength goes out o'  
me. Millions of lights is in my eyes.  
There's a red rust an smoke. Th' sea—  
millions o' seas—is beaten in me ears—  
on me 'ead—beatin me back. Me breath  
stops. I choke—suffocate. My eyes grow  
dim. I can't see. I am blind. Me knees  
tremble. I stretches out me arms, but  
can't find th' ropes. I try ter speak—no  
sound. I tries again—"Dear God, 'ave  
mercy—is mother—oh, 'is mother!"—  
Then sudden th' strength comes back.  
Tommy falls. As I catches him  
there's a crash in th' orchestra. Th'  
people scream. Th' rope parts, an  
down, down inter depths unknown we  
go—Tommy an me together.

\*\*\*\*\*

"Better, ole man?" says a voice.  
"Ere, drink it up, deary." An a woman  
was a-holdin my 'ead, an I could  
smell brandy.

"Open yer eyes, dadda." I opened  
'em. There was Tommy, dressed ter go  
one an' his big red comforter round 'is  
neck. There was Bob, with 'is right  
tied up an lookin rather pale.

"Wat's the matter, mate?" says I,  
poutin to it.

"Oh, on'y a bit of a burn. Yer see, a  
nipple 'ad fell out o' th' button close ter  
Tommy's rope, an' th' scene caught. I  
couldn't cut it away in time, so I 'as ter  
tear it an' gotter bit scorched. But th'  
little un's all right—an't yer, Tommy?  
Lord love 'im! I'd rather lose  
both me arms than anythink should 'a  
happened ter Tommy—ter Mary's han-  
by," says 'e, a-patin th' kid's 'ead.

Well, yer see, Bob's 'and won't ex-  
-cuse, but, womanlike, she would.  
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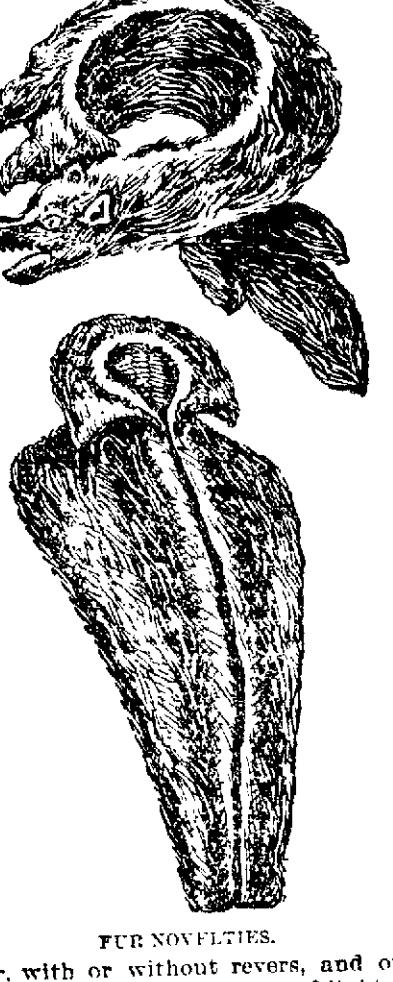
## VARIOUS NOTES.

Clothes For the Children Tailor Made What It Is and What It Appears to Be at Varying Ages.

Scotch plaids in which astrakhan lines are mingled, heavy ribbed materials, changeable woollens and plain cloths are all employed for the wardrobe of little girls. Although the general style of making gowns and cloaks for them approximates to that for grown persons, nothing is tight.

Plush and velours du nord compose many wraps this winter. Jackets ornamented with brandebourgs and passementerie are very much seen. Boleros are also simulated on jackets by lines of braiding around the armholes. A valise collar of plush lined with fur may be added to freshen a jacket that is not quite up to date.

Taylor made skirts are very little more than four yards around now and are often decidedly less. Taylor made bodies have a short basque without godets and a valois



FUR NOVELTIES.

collar, with or without revers, and open over a silk chemisette or a vest of light colored cloth.

The hair is so universally curled, waved and braided in these days, and women feel it so necessary to be constantly ready to see and be seen, that their tresses seldom have a breathing time, as it were, except during the brushing process. It is, as a matter of fact, very much more beneficial to the hair if it is allowed to hang loosely occasionally so that light and air may penetrate it. Moreover, a sun bath now and then stimulates its growth and brightens its color. A change of style in its arrangement, by which the weight and heat of it are shifted to a new place, is also desirable now and then. Women who have a neuralgic tendency will find the risk of washing the hair much diminished if alcohol is used in the water instead of soap or ammonia. Then alcohol is quite as cleansing, prevents chilliness and causes the hair to dry far more quickly.

An illustration is given of two of the new styles of neckwear in fur. The first is a bon of marten fur, having a natural head at one end and tails at the other and a pair of shirt straps at the side to clasp a cluster of flowers. The second is a stole in blue fox. It has a high, flaring collar and extends to the waist in front.

—Dr. CHAUDET.

## DECORATIVE FURNISHING.

Improvement in Household Belongings. An Artistic Piano Scarf.

Probably few of the present generation realize what an immense change has been worked in furniture and decorative art since the days of our mothers' young ladyhood, for the alteration, once begun, progressed so rapidly that within five years of the time when walnut furniture ornamented with jigsaw exuberances, immense mirrors in gilt and stucco frames, green rep lambrequins and harlequin upholsteries represented the ideal environment for the middle class housewife, yearned, and in which she felt herself to be not only satisfactorily but elegantly placed, the revolution was practically complete. The improvement began in England, and from there came the first artistic wall papers, drapery and furniture, which in consequence were too costly for households of moderate means. American manufacturers soon saw the drift of affairs, however, and began to produce goods which were like some hotels—on the European plan, but less costly. And forthwith there was a national movement of good taste, and the facts which The Book Buyer presents relating to the circulation of books in New York city through free circulating libraries cannot be questioned. Scant as is the aggregate number of books taken in, when compared with the population, it is nevertheless satisfactory to learn that there are some few free libraries which can show that, as to readers, they have more. The following is from The Book Buyer's article:

How woefully New York is behind other cities of the country in bringing books within reach of the masses is seen from a comparison of the free circulating library systems. Last year, for example, there was a circulation in New York of something over 1,000,000 volumes by libraries that received a total appropriation from the city of \$65,000. In the same year the Boston Public Library circulated 850,000 volumes and received \$175,000 from the city, the Chicago Public Library circulated 1,150,000 volumes (the passion for reading being more general even than in Boston) and received \$124,000, the Cleveland Public Library circulated 395,000 volumes and received \$60,000, and the St. Louis Public Library received the same amount for a circulation of 331,000.

Luxury of Bankruptcy.

"Why don't you go into bankruptcy?" asked Judge Emden of the Lambeth county court, when Mr. Casswell, a sausage manufacturer of Camberwell, candidly admitted that he could not pay his debts except by small installments. "I am a poor man and can't afford it," replied the latter, who seemed to regard his honor's question as tantamount to asking a man with only twopence in his pocket why he did not treat himself to turtle soup and milk punch. Such luxuries as bankruptcy are not meant for the poor, and he sighed as he added, "You can't become bankrupt unless you have money." "Ah, yes," replied his honor, "quite true! A man in your position cannot indulge in the luxury of bankruptcy." So the unfortunate sausage maker was ordered to pay up at the rate of 10 shillings per month or go to jail for 14 days.—London Telegraph.

Scowling.

Don't scowl; it spoils faces. Before you know it, says a writer in The Standard, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowlick to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows, and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think. There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about.

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrile. It is quickly absorbed. 60 cents at Drugstore or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York City.

## A GREAT REMEDY

Is Offered You at a Small Price, and Relieved Guaranteed in Every Case.

If you positively knew and were thoroughly convinced that you could buy one remedy that would replace all the old sticky, greasy liniments, pectoral, Bateman's drops, Jamaica ginger, camphor, Godfrey's cordial and such like, we believe you would gladly pay two or three dollars for a bottle. Well, such a remedy has been discovered, but it only costs 25c a bottle. Lightning Hot Drops is the sovereign remedy for all kinds of pains, external and internal rheumatism and neuralgic cramps, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, summer complaint, wind on the stomach, indigestion and all like ailments, and we tell you upon our honor that Lightning Hot Drops will give instant relief in all such afflictions when used as directed. It is important that the directions be carefully observed and a cure will quickly follow; and so we are this is true that your druggist will give your money back if you get no relief. Now if Lightning Hot Drops didn't do as stated we could not afford to sell it on such very liberal terms. We know that Lightning Hot Drops is all right in every respect and will do just as we say; but if it should fail to give you relief go back to your druggist and get your money. Be sure to go by directions and relief will follow. If you don't need to get it today get a bottle anyway, as it is a good thing to have in the house, in the shop, in the office, on the work bench or in the grip. It is splendid for change of water. If one of your personal friends were to tell you all we have said you, no doubt, would get a bottle at once. Now, let us as be that friend, for we tell you in dead earnest that every word we have said is true—absolutely true. We are honest and sincere in our statements. Lightning Hot Drops is prepared only by us and no honest druggist will try to get you to take something else, and don't you let

## THE VILLA EMILIA.

Gates that I never entered, under the shadow of trees,  
Gates with the garden discreet behind the wall.  
Is it here, O garden discreet, is it here, after all,  
Hore and behind your gates,  
That the love of my life awaits.  
In a golden sleep the dawn of my coming, under the trees?  
Under the quiet of trees the garden sleeps in the sun,  
Sleeps and awaits one day a wakening hand.  
Is it L. O garden discreet, is it I shall stand  
One day at the gate and claim  
Your princess in my name?  
For she sleeps and awaits the appointed coming, sleeps in the sun?  
Gates that I never entered, gates of my villa of dreams,  
Is there a princess at all that your shadows keep  
For her lover, O garden discreet, in a golden sleep?  
Ah, it behind your gates  
Only a shadow awaits  
The shadowy love that I lay at your portals,  
Villa of dreams?  
—Arthur Symons in *Athenaeum*.

## PLAYING MONKEY.

Great Scott! Don't tell me wimme's is allus right! I know diff'rent. Why, it's only th' other day Mary—my missis—was dead wrong. "Now, yer will be careful, won't yer, Jim?" says she, a-tyn a big red comforter round th' young un's neck. "Careful?" says L. "I believe you, me boy!" as Mr. Paul Bedford used ter say ter Mr. Bob Keeley. Lord! Lord! Wot d'ys they did 'ave in them times!

Yer see, my old mother 'ad been er great trick act older, till she 'ad a haecquet, an after that as fer back as Mine. Celeste's day she got inter th' wardrobe at th' Adelphy an "went on"—one er 'th' guests' yer know. Lord, she wor allus as jolly an as gentle as a sand boy an used ter tell us kids all about before she was married, seen in madame playin th' Indian girl an afterward dancin th' gavot in white satin. An w'en she come "from th' theater she'd ave'er little drop er cold gin an sing to us we uns (a-sittin up in bed a-eatin th' 'ot baked taters she'd bring us) "Down Hamong th' Green Bushes" in 'er sweet voice. "Miss Fitzgerald did sing it that beautiful," says she, a-wipin 'er heyes.

"Wot did I cum ter be in th' purfes?

Wit, yer see, I was brought up a bit sensitive an er' taster fer th' drainer, an bein rather tender hearted like—akin after father, who get killed one night a-carryin our old blind woman from a fire—I thought I'd like ter be a acrobat or a pantomimist. So one Christmas I gots on at Covent Garden as a super an 'ad ter do little "bizness" with th' clown. An Mr. Payne 'e says to me, says 'e, "W'y don't yer go in fer it?" An I does—goes prentis, an in me spare time did little odd jobs an 'sped mother wot I could with th' kids. But, yer see, I was a bit old fer a reg'lar bender. Besides, I'd got it on me mind ter play a monkey. Mother said as 'ow she couldn't account for it, 'cept it wot she went one Monday to th' zoological gardens afore I was born. Didn't want 'er ter go in th' mon- 'ouse; but, wemalike, she world.

When I was 16, I could play a monkey for all I was worth. I got engaged with a 'oop, an they give me a good screw—well, good for them days. It's differ-ent now. We worked all th' alis in th' provinces. Then a manager over from America see us, an we played through th' States. When we gots back ter London, I fixes up mother in 'er chamber's a jest behind Hashley's. Lord, she could nearly smell th' sawdust an quite fer th' 'osses, an it did 'er good. Makes me young agin," says she.

Then our troups gots on turn at th' Palambara. An wot 'n' you think? I falls in love with my missis—Mary Mason—a good little gal in th' back row o' th' ballet. Well, we gots married five years ago come termorror, an we 'as two kid—both boys. Th' second one was a kily an died. But, bless your 'eart, Tommy, th' eldest, jest a-risin 4—well, there talk about a monk! W'y, on'y wanted er tail. Wen's wor 2 year, 'e lung an clung on ter everything an nearly frightened is mother inter fits.

Well, I've 'ad 'im with me in my act for about three montis. (Another glass?

I don't mind if I do. Takin' dry work. More soda, please.) An last week I gots leave from my boss ter play fer th' "seen" o' a old pal o' mine down th' east end way. Now, that night Mary seemed ter reg'lar 'ung' ragger mugger over Poumey. "Wot's th' matter, mother?" says L. "Oh, muthin—I—I dunno, Jim," says th' mother. An I could 'a' swone she was a goin ter cry. Then she broke out quite firelike. "Don't let that there Bob Bracy 'ave nothin to do with th' ropes," says she. Bob was th' lead carpenter at th' all we was due at an old sweetheart of Mary's—she "chuck-ed" 'im for me. "W'y, Bob's all right, mother," says I. "I dunno," says she. "I shouldn't like ter trust Tommy with 'im," says she. "Yer know 'e allus swore he'd git even." Well, after a minute: "It's time yer was gone. Lord love 'im!" says she, a-givin th' young un a extra kiss an another turn o' th' comforter.

When we gots ter th' 'all, it was pretty late—crammed with people an full o' smoke. Tommy seemed a bit sleepy, but perks up wen I puts 'is monkey dress on 'im. "Ow's th' little man?" says L. "All right, dadda," says 'e. I gives 'im to a woman ter 'old while I goes on th' stage ter see th' tackle was all right, 'specially a little trapeze of Tommy's covered with leaves an flowers, which was fixed center o' th' stage, way up in th' flies. There was Master Bob, as busy as any bee. But I'd bin havin a drop, I could see.

"Well, Jimmy, ole man," says 'e, an gots at me like a 'upperputom or a 'ma or a Cheshire cat (Bob hain't no beauty). "Low's th' missis?" "She's all right," says I. "There ain't no flies on 'er," says I. "You're a lucky man, you are," says 'e. "Mary ought ter 'a bin my missis," says 'e. "Mrs. Johnson, if 'er please," says I. "Can not Mary?" "Well, you're getting damn pickleier,"

says 'e, "but yer won't allus 'ave it yer own way," says 'e. "All ready! Stand by, Bracy," sings out th' stage manager. "Right yer are, boss," says Bob, lookin at me evily. "Ting, ting!" goes th' bell. Up rolls th' curtain. Th' scene, a jungle, with ropes o' big red flowers a-climb' up an 'anging from th' great palms, coconuts an banana trees. I must say as 'ow Bob 'ad fixed it fast.

Th' band strikes up, an th' music somehow gots inter one's blood. With Tommy hangin round my neck I do a lot o' turns an jump an human an fly in leaps. Then th' little munk, screaming, falls headlong an' saves 'isself by catchin enter my tail. Lord, yer should 'ear th' people stamp an rave an laugh! But one woman faints. Then I takes th' little un in me arms, an we swings an swings, an I gives 'im a banana, an we chatter monkey fashion—chatter, chatter, an' e throws a coconut, an I dodges. Then 'e bolts, an, hidin behind th' flowers, peels me. An in a reg'lar rage an' issin an shriekin, I does all my big flights an gots off with no end of applause.

Th' little munk pops out 'is little 'ead an does 'is little act on 'is little trapeze. Then "cheep, cheep," chatter, begins ter whimper an worry an looks out fer poppa. But poppa ain't there (it's all part o' th' play, yer know), an 'e leans over an over till all th' mothers' carts is in their mouths, an they 'olds on tight ter th' seats in front on 'em. 'E's sich a little un, yer see. "Oh, 'e'll fall! An 'e do fall an catches with one hand, slips agin an 'angs by one foot. Th' tiny arms is stretched out; th' tiny body swings. Th' baby munk chatters an jabbars with fright.

"For th' good Lord's sake, somebody catch 'im!" cries a woman's voice. That's my cue. Bang! I'm shot up a trap—shot up 20 feet in th' air. I leap an fly from bough to bough. Th' little munk screams. I look up an see—what! Th' baby munk swingin in th' air, an there, amonc th' gas battens, is Bob Bracy, 'is red, evil face all a-workin, leanin over—out o' th' ties—a big, shinny knife in 'is hand. My God, he's cuttin th' rope! Tommy's rope. I shall be too late. Th' strength goes out o' me. Millions of lights is in my eyes. There's a red mist an smoke. Th' sea—millions o' seas—is beaten in me ears—on me 'ead—beatin in my back. Me breath stops. I choke—suffocate. My eyes grow dim. I can't see. I am blind. Me knees tremble. I stretches out me arms, but can't find th' ropes. I try ter speak—no sound. I tries again—"Dear God, 'ave mercy"—is mother—oh, 'is mother—Then suddenly th' strength comes back. I fly. Tommy fails. As I catches him there's a crash in th' orchestra. Th' people scream. Th' rope parts, an down, down into depths unknown we go—Tommy an me together.

"Better, ole man?" says a voice. "Ere, drink it up, deary." An a woman was a-holdin my 'ead, an I could smell brandy.

"Open yer eyes, dadda," I opened 'em. There was Tommy, dressed for goome an' his big red comforter round 'is neck. There was Bob, with 'is right 'and tied up an lookin rather pale.

"Wot's the matter, mate?" says I, pointing to it.

"Oh, on'y a bit of a burn. Yer see, a nipple 'ad fell out o' th' button close ter Tommy's rope, an th' 'eep caught. I couldn't cut it away in time, so I 'as ter tear it an got er bit searched. But th' little un's all right—ain't yer, Tommy? Lord love 'im! I'd 'a' rather less both me arms than anything should 'a' happened ter Tommy—ter Mary's baby," says 'e, a-pattin th' kid's 'ead.

Weil, yer see, Bob's land wor wuss than 's thought—it's bin a "houter" at th' hospital for a week. But it's our weddin day termorror, an Bob's a-comin ter pick er bit o' grub with us. Give us a light, miss, will ye? My pipe's gone clean out. Thank yer.

My missis cries w'en she thinks on it—says she's a-goin ter eat up 'is dinner fer 'im an kiss 'im 'cos she was mis-takn an 'os' wor'd did fer Tommy. —Emily St. John in *Chicago Tribune*.

### Presidental Popular Vote.

There is a widespread feeling in the country, if it does not amount to a positive conviction, that some of the laws regulating the method by which the choice of the people for the highest office in their gift is made have survived the period of their usefulness and ought to be revised and adapted to the conditions of the present time, which differ so widely from those existing when these laws were enacted. The indications are not obscure that there is a growing desire in the country to have the existing electoral plan re-examined, and possibly abandoned, so as to elect the president by a direct popular vote. There is at least enough of this feeling abroad to justify an impartial study of the subject from a nonpartisan standpoint, and with a view to do ample justice to the plan as it is as well as to ascertain whether it might be modified so as to become more republican in spirit and to work with greater equality among the voters of the different states.—Rev. Bishop S. M. Merrill in *North American Review*.

**African Superstition.**  
In South Africa I and my black companion had once to sit down and wait 2½ hours at a place on a fairly open forest path, because across it, in front of us, about that time in the afternoon, the ghost of a spear flew, and a touch from it was necessarily fatal. And there is a spring I know of in the Kakongo district, where, when you go to fill your pitcher, you see a very handome pitch-er standing ready filled. Many a lady, seeing no one about to whom the pitcher belongs, has picked this up and left her own, but as soon as she got it with in sight of the village it crumbles into earth and the water is spilled on the ground. On returning for her own dis-abled one, it is always found broken.—Cornhill Magazine.

## VARIOUS NOTES.

### Clothes For the Children Tailor Made Skirts About the Hair.

Scotch plaids in which astrakhan lines are mingled, heavy ribbed materials, changeable woolens and plain cloths are all employed for the wardrobe of little girls. Although the general style of making gowns and cloaks for them approximates to that for grown persons, nothing is tight.

Plush and velours du nord compose many wraps this winter. Jackets ornamented with braidebours and passementerie are very much seen. Boleros are also simulated on jackets by lines of braiding around the armholes. A valois collar of plush lined with fur may be added to freshen a jacket that is not quite up to date.

Tailor made skirts are very little more than four yards around now and are often decided less. Tailor made bodices have a short basque without godets and a valois



FUR NOVELTIES.

collar, with or without revers, and open over a silk chemisette or a vest of light colored cloth.

The hair is so universally curled, waved and braided in these days, and women feel it necessary to be constantly ready to see and be seen, that their tresses seldom have a breathing time, as it were, except during the brushing process. It is, as a matter of fact, very much more beneficial to the hair if it is allowed to hang loose occasionally so that light and air may penetrate it. Moreover, a sun bath now and then stimulates its growth and brightens its color.

An illustration is given of two of the new styles of peekwear in fur. The first is a hat of marten fur, having a natural head at one end and tails at the other and a pair of shirt straps at the side to clasp a cluster of flowers. The second is a stole fichu in blue fox. It has a high, flaring collar and extends to the waist in front.

—J. M. CROLET.

### DECORATIVE FURNISHING.

#### Improvement In Household Belongings. An Artistic Piano Scarf.

Probably few of the present generation realize what an immense change has been worked in furniture and decorative art lines since the days of our mother's young ladyhood, for the alteration, once begun, progressed so rapidly that within five years of the time when walnut furniture ornamented with jigsaw exuberances, immense mirrors in gilt and steel frames, green rep lampshades and bared upholstering represented the ideal environment for the middle class housewife yearned, and in which she felt herself to be not only satisfactorily but elegantly placed, the revolution was practically complete. The improvement began in England, and from there came the first artistic wall papers, drapery and furniture, which in consequence were too costly for households of moderate means. American manufacturers soon saw the drift of affairs, however, and began to produce goods which were like some hotels—on the European plan, but less costly. And forthwith there was a national movement of good taste, and the facts which The Book Buyer presents relating to the circulation of books in New York city through free circulating libraries cannot be questioned. Scant as is the aggregate number of books taken, when compared with the population, it is nevertheless satisfactory to learn that there are some few free libraries which can show that, as to readers, they have more. The following is from The Book Buyer's article:

After all, the greatest and best poetry is unwritten and will ever remain so. Our sweetest love songs come rippling over the meadows with the breeze that rocks the grasses in the long, soft summer evenings; our saddest dirges mean through the woods in the dark November days, when a damp mist hangs gray and pall-like over the hills and the dead leaves rustle as though swept by the feet of a ghostly funeral train, while for thrilling dramas and great, grand epics we need but to look round us into the faces and lives of living men and women.—Exchange.

—New York Public Libraries.

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How woefully New York is behind other cities of the country in bringing books within reach of the masses is seen from a comparison of the free circulating library systems. Last year, for example, there was a circulation in New York of something over 1,000,000 volumes by libraries that received a total appropriation from the city of \$65,000. In the same year the Boston Public Library circulated 850,000 volumes and received \$175,000 from the city, the Chicago Public Library circulated 1,150,000 volumes and received \$175,000 from the city, the Philadelphia Public Library circulated 850,000 volumes and received \$124,000, the Cleveland Public Library circulated 595,000 volumes and received \$60,000, and the St. Louis Public Library received the same amount for a circulation of 331,000.

—A Farmer.

—The State of Ohio.

—Stark County.

—Arthur D. Coe, et al.

—ORDER OF SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued by the court of the county of common pleas of Stark County, Ohio, and to be directed I will offer for sale at public auction, at the door of the court house, in the City of Canton, on

Saturday, January 16, 1897,

the following described real estate, to wit:

Situated in the City of Massillon, County of Stark, State of Ohio, and known as being lot No. 285 in Block C. Portner's subdivision of lots 16 and 17 of the tractable division of lands made by Wethers, Fay and Bunting in the year 1832, in the City of Canton, and described as follows:

"commencing at the south west corner of section 26, township 12; being bounded as follows: Beginning 460 feet westwardly from the south corner of section 26, running northwardly to said 460 feet, 401 feet and 1 inch, and being the gleaning of the boundary of the land hereby conveyed and running northwardly 267 feet, 3 inches, thence southwardly 46 feet 1 inch thence northwardly 267 feet 3 inches, to a point beginning 46 feet and 1 inch from the south west corner of section 26, township 12; being bounded at a stake 513 feet northwardly from the south east corner of said quarter section and running eastwardly 150 feet, thence northwardly 146 feet, thence southwardly 150 feet, thence northwardly 146 feet, thence eastwardly 150 feet, to the place of beginning, containing 22,000 feet, more or less. Appraised at \$850.00.

Terms of sale, cash.

—JACOB A. POERMAN, Administrator of the estate of JOHN PRICE, deceased.

—EGERTON & McLAUGHLIN, Attorneys.

December 22, 1896.

—Sheriff's Sale.

—THE STATE OF OHIO.

—STARK COUNTY.

—ARTHUR D. COE, et al.

—ORDER OF SALE.

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Saturday, January 16, 1897,

the following described real estate, to wit:

Situated in the City of Massillon, County of Stark, State of Ohio, and known as lot No. 163 in Block C. Portner's addition to the City of Massillon.

Appraised at \$1,400.

Terms cash. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock a.m.

—HIRAM DOLL, Sheriff.

—MEYER & MOONEY, Attorneys.

—SHERIFF'S SALE.

—THE STATE OF OHIO.

—STARK COUNTY.

—ARTHUR D. COE, et al.

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# CAPTAIN CLOSE

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING.

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CONTINUED

Here, too, were received and answered letters increasing in frequency, and one never-to-be-forgotten day, from a far distant post, there suddenly appeared very proper young fellow in the conventional traveling garb of the period; and presently Jennie Sweet be thought herself that important household matters had to be looked after at the garrison, and Esther had her marketing to do and must do it. "Of course Mr. Lambert will dine and take tea with us. (We dined at one and tead at six-thirty in those days in Texas.) And so there was no one left to entertain him but Katesie—and the eat; and even the eat was very much in the way—in Lambert's way, that is, for the girl had the ungracious creature in her arms, covering her with undesired caresses, the instant after Esther's departure. The porch was vine-clad, shaded and inviting, but Katesie perversely insisted on the steps and the hot morning sunshine; pussy loved the warmth and sunshine. Lambert sought to stroke and caress Sabina, since Sabina was held tight over thumping little heart and close under rosy lips and dimpled chin and soft, flushed cheeks. His finger-tips thrilled at the delicious proximity, and Sabina magnetically perceived it and malignantly set back her ears and hissed, whereat he pinched her ears and was promptly bidden to "Go sit ovuh yawnduh 'f you can't leave huk yuhs alone," whereupon he transferred his attention to Sabina's lashing tail and precipitated a row. Sabina clawed and struggled; the outraged brat bristled like a bottle washer; Katesie sought to soothe with more hugs and kisses and those emotional and passionate mouthings which women lavish on their feline favorites. "Oh, um Cattums!—um Kittums!—um Possums!—um Tweetsuns!" rapturously exclaimed Miss Walton through her close pressed lips, as she buried her nose in the fluffy fur and this was more than Lambert could stand. With sudden quick decision he lifted the astonished Sabina from the damsel's arms and dropped her on all fours on the grass plot below. Then, as quickly, he seized her mistress by her empty hands.

"Katesie, do you suppose I've waited all these weary months to see you squandering kisses on a cat? Have you no answer now, after all I've told you, after my coming so many hundred miles?" Her hands were writhing about in his grasp, making every pretense, and no real effort, at getting away. "Ah didn't tell you to come," she finally pouted. "It's no time for trifling, Katesie. I've loved you dearly—ever so long—ever since the time you leaned this bonny head upon my shoulder." "Ah didn't! Ah nevuh did!" "You did; and I've got five glossey threads of your beautiful hair to prove it." "It was all the fault of that ho'ld shoulder-strap. Ah hate it, and you'nt hateful to' reminding me of it!" And still her hands kept writhing in va'nt, impotent pretense at struggling. He held them with scarce an effort. "Well," said he, solemnly, "the will never vex your soft cheek again, Katesie. I have worn them for the last time."

"You did! You said yo'd done with the shoulder-strap, fo'e'ven." And up flashed the indignant gray eyes again, and this brought the quivering little mouth, so red and soft and warm, too close for safety to his yearning lips. Down they swooped upon their prey. "I didn't," he whispered as he held her close. "It's the old strap—the second Lieutenant's—I'll never wear again. I've won my bar now, and my wife."

We were sitting one winter's evening nearly two years later in the Lamberts' quarters at old Fort Scott. Kinsey was there too, and Floyd Walton with his bride on their wedding tour. A blazing fire of hickory logs was snapping on the hearth, and under the soft light of the shaded lamp was Katesie, a charming picture of young wifehood, her needle-work dropped in her lap, her gray eyes following every movement of her husband, who was declaiming to his guests and pacing up and down in uncontrollable excitement.

It was the January of the "consolidation year," when by act of congress 45 regiments of infantry were summarily "telescoped" into half their number, and some hundreds of officers and gentlemen who had joined the regular service at the end of the great war in the reasonable hope of attaining suitable rank before they died, found themselves suddenly bereft of all hope of promotion and doomed to remain subalterns and file-closers until they were 50. It was the year when to provide for the superfluous officers of the consolidated regiments of foot they

again she began to writhe, simply to feel his resisting power. "Ah wouldn't live like some of those women do at the foh—just like gypsies."

"No," responded Lambert, demurely. "That's what a lady friend of yours told me; she said you were a spoiled little southern girl, brought up without any idea of housekeeping or care and responsibility."

"Who dayuh to say such spiteful things?" demanded Miss Walton, all ablaze in an instant.

"She said," calmly resumed Lambert, "that the main reason you didn't care to be a soldier's wife, probably, was that you'd always been made a pet of and wouldn't know how to look after a brute of a husband and one room and a kitchen—all a lieutenant's allowed, you know."

"Who dayuh to say such things? It wasn't Genevieve!—Ah! never speak!"

"Wait till I tell you the rest," pursued Lambert, calmly. "She said she really couldn't see why I wanted to marry you; you were not at all the sort of girl she'd expect a northerner to marry."

"Ah never hubd such outrageous impudence in all ma bawn days. Who was it? Ah'll never speak t' you again 'f you don't tell me this instant. Ah'll never let you leave this spot 'till you do tell me."

"I'm only too glad to stay. I was afraid you might send me away anyhow, even after you found I had given up the shoulder-straps—for your sake, since Esther told me I'd find it hard work to make a soldier's wife."

"Esthuh! She said such mean things 'bout me! Oh, Ah'll pay buh off fo' that! Ah could manage just as well as she could, and keep house evly bit as well! Ah've been out theyh often with Jenny Sweet, and seen just how they managed. Ah'd been watching—and studying" (sob) "and now—now" with sudden inspiration—"Ah b'lieve you're just laughing at me! Ah hate you much than evuh, and Ah'll nevuh marry you—nevuh—just fo' leavin' the army and not havin' sufficient confidence in me to think I could be a soldier's wife. Ah might have done it!—Ah would, perhaps, if you had stayed, but—but—"

But now she was seized and strained to his heart, and the furiously blushing face was kissed again and again, though indignant tears were starting from her eyes. It was useless to struggle. She leaned there at last, passive, panting, sobbing a little, and striving to push herself from his embrace, but striving so feebly, so very feebly. "My own little rebel," he murmured, with his lips close pressed to her cheek. "Esthuh" did tell me I'd find it hard work to win you for a soldier's wife, did tell me you had had no care or experience in the past, did say she thought a northern officer would have failed in love elsewhere; but she never said you were not fit to be a soldier's wife, and I never said I was going to quit being a soldier. I love it better than anything in the world—but you—"

"You did! You said yo'd done with the shoulder-strap, fo'e'ven." And up flashed the indignant gray eyes again, and this brought the quivering little mouth, so red and soft and warm, too close for safety to his yearning lips. Down they swooped upon their prey.

"I didn't," he whispered as he held her close. "It's the old strap—the second Lieutenant's—I'll never wear again. I've won my bar now, and my wife."

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"Katesie, do you suppose I've waited all these weary months to see you squandering kisses on a cat? Have you no answer now, after all I've told you, after my coming so many hundred miles?" Her hands were writhing about in his grasp, making every pretense, and no real effort, at getting away. "Ah didn't tell you to come," she finally pouted. "It's no time for trifling, Katesie. I've loved you dearly—ever so long—ever since the time you leaned this bonny head upon my shoulder." "Ah didn't! Ah nevuh did!"

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"Yo' have?" and now the struggles seemed gradually to cease, or their continuance became purely mechanical, and the big, deep gray eyes looked wistfully up through their long, curving lashes. "Whut—whut fo' Ah'd like to know?" She didn't quite say "abke," but she did.

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She was silent a moment. Then the deep gray eyes were again uplifted, studying with troubled gaze the soldierly, sun-tanned young face.

"Ah'd much rather you were going to keep on weahing them," she said.

"But I thought you hated the very sight of them—and the uniform?"

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He had repossessed himself of the little hands by this time. "Then you do like the army blue a little? How I wish I'd known this sooner!"

"The army isn't so bad, now that some southern gentlemen are going back into it," she answered airily.

"It would be still more attractive with a certain southern girl I know in it."

"Ah don't see how that would do you any good, if you're going to leave it."

"Ah! It was the army I was thinking of just then—not myself. Thank you for thinking of me, Katesie." And now his eyes were brimming over with mingled tenderness and inrriment. He had raised her hands, and, placing them palm to palm, stood clasping them, their rosy finger-tips close to his lips.

"Ah didn't! Ah wasn't! Let go ma hands. Mist' Lambuh."

"My own little rebel," he murmured.

again she began to writhe, simply to feel his resisting power. "Ah wouldn't live like some of those women do at the fo'—just like tymphies."

"No," responded Lambert, demurely. "That's what a lady friend of yours told me; she said you were a spoiled little southern girl, brought up without any idea of housekeeping or care and responsibility."

"Who dayuhd to say such spiteful things?" demanded Miss Walton, all ablaze in an instant.

"She said," calmly resumed Lambert, "that the main reason you didn't care to be a soldier's wife, probably, was that you'd always been made a pet of and wouldn't know how to look after a brute of a husband and one room and a kitchen—all a lieutenant's allowed, you know."

"Who dayuhd to say such things? It wasn't Genevieve!—Ah'd never speak—"

"Wait till I tell you the rest," pursued Lambert, calmly. "She said she really couldn't see why I wanted to marry you; you were not at all the sort of girl she'd expect a northerner to marry."

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"Ah! It was the army I was thinking of just then—not myself. Thank you for thinking of me, Katesie." And now his eyes were brimming over with mingled tenderness and merriment. He had raised her hands, and placing them palm to palm, stood clasping them while—oh, the black shame of it!

again she began to writhe, simply to feel his resisting power. "Ah wouldn't live like some of those women do at the foh—just like gypsies."

"No," responded Lambert, demurely. "That's what a lady friend of yours told me; she said you were a spoiled southern girl, brought up without any idea of housekeeping or care and responsibility."

"Who dayuhd to say such spiteful things?" demanded Miss Walton, all ablaze in an instant.

"She said," calmly resumed Lambert, "that the main reason you didn't care to be a soldier's wife, probably, was that you'd always been made a pet of and wouldn't know how to look after a brute of a husband and one room and a kitchen—all a lieutenant's allowed, you know."

"Who dayuhd to say such things? It wasn't Genevieve!—Ah'd never speak!"

"Wait till I tell you the rest," pursued Lambert, calmly. "She said she really couldn't see why I wanted to marry you; you were not at all the sort of girl she'd expect a northerner to marry."

"Ah never hubd such outrageous impudence in all ma bawn days. Who was it? Ah'll never speak 't you again if you don't tell me this instant. Ah'll never let you leave this spot till you do tell me."

"I'm only too glad to stay. I was afraid you might send me away any how, even after you found I had given up the shoulder-straps—for your sake, since Esther told me I'd find it hard work to make you a soldier's wife."

"Esthuh!" She said such mean things 'bout me? Oh, Ah'll pay huh off to that! Ah could manage just as well as she could, and keep house ev' bit as well! Ah've been out theyh often with Jenny Sweet, and seen just how they managed. Ah'd been watching and studying" (sob) "and now now" with sudden inspiration—"Ah'hove you're just laughing at me! Ah hate you more than evuh, and Ah'll nevuh mal' you—nevuh—just' fo' leavin' the b'by and not havin' sufficient confidence in me to think I could be a soldier's wife. Ah might have done it—Ah would, perhaps, if you had stayed, but—but—"

But now she was seized and strained to his heart, and the furiously blushing face was kissed again and again, though indignant tears were starting from her eyes. It was useless to struggle. She leaned there at last, passive, panting, sobbing a little, and striving to push herself from his embrace, but strivin' so feebly, so very feebly. "My own little rebel," he murmured, with his lips close pressed to her cheek, "Esthuh! did tell me I'd find it hard work to win you for a soldier's wife, did tell me you had had no care or experience in the past, did say she thought a northern officer would have fallen in love elsewhere; but she never said you were not fit to be soldier's wife, and I never said I was going to quit being a soldier. I love it better than anything in the world—but you—"

"You did! You said yo'd done with the shoulder-straps fo'evuh." And up flashed the indignant gray eyes again, and this brought the quivering little mouth, so red and soft and warm, too close for safety to his yearning lips. Down they swooped upon their prey. "I didn't," he whispered as he held her close. "It's the old strap—the second lieutenant's—I'll never wear again. I've won my bar now, and my wife."

We were sitting one winter's evening nearly two years later in the Lamberts' quarters at old Fort Scott. Kinsey was there too, and Floyd Walton with his bride on their wedding tour. A blazing fire of hickory logs was snapping on the hearth, and under the soft light of the shaded lamp was Katesie, a charming picture of young wifehood, her needle-work dropped in her lap, her gray eyes following every movement of her husband, who was declaiming to his guests and pacing up and down in uncontrollable excitement.

"Well," said he, solemnly, "they will never vex your soft cheeks again, Katesie. I have worn them for the last time."

"You have?" and now the struggles seemed gradually to cease, or their continuance became purely mechanical, and the big, deep gray eyes looked wistfully up through their long, curving lashes. "What—what foh, Ah'd like to know?" She didn't quite say "alright,"

"Well, several reasons have been set before me. Mother is getting on in years, and wishes I could be near her, instead of half across the continent away."

She was looking up at him very solemnly now.

"Ah nevuh could beah you in those things—cits," she said at last.

"Bra! You are mastering army vernacular already, Katesie," he answered, his eyes twinkling. "And do you think you could bear me if I continued to wear the old shoulder-straps? Ah, Katesie, it's too late. Here they are." And transferring unresisted one snowy wrist to contact with its fellow in the grasp of his left hand, he drew forth from an inner pocket an oblong parcel in which lay the light-blue velvet straps, wound round and round with silken threads of hair. "I couldn't bear to turn them over to anyone but you," he solemnly said. "They are mine no longer."

She was silent a moment. Then the deep gray eyes were again uplifted, studying with troubled gaze the soldierly, sun-tanned young face.

"Ah'd much rather you were going to keep on weahing them," she said. "But I thought you hated the very sight of them—and the uniform?"

"That was befo' Brothuh Floyd woh it."

He had repossessed himself of the little hands by this time. "Then you do like the army blue a little? How I wish I'd known this sooner!"

"The army isn't so bad, now that some southern gentlemen are going back into it," she answered airily.

"It would be still more attractive with a certain southern girl I know in it."

"Ah don't see how that would do you any good, if you're going to leave it."

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"Yes," she said, "folks that marries

others, gallant fellows who had fought all through the war, but had been at some time or other in the past at odds, personal or official, with certain of their superiors, now, without word of warning, without opportunity of defense, without knowing who were their accusers or what the accusations, found themselves summarily dropped from the rolls and their places promptly filled. The needed reduction by fair means proving too slow, the methods of foreign despots were resorted to; "confidential reports" were solicited from commanding officers, some of whom, disdaining such lette-de-cachet business, promptly consigned the offending document to the flames or "pigeon-holed" it without reply, while others accepted eagerly the opportunity to undermine the men whom courts had honorably acquitted. In some few instances there were gentlemen thus disposed of who never knew they had been accused of a misdemeanor until, amazed, they saw their names upon the published list. Among those thus given their congé was Brevet Capt. J. P. Close, first Lieutenant —teenth infantry, at the moment expecting his promotion to the captaincy of company C. "The old man," as his soldiers called him, had returned to duty after his six months' leave, with eyesight permanently impaired, and had been received with cordial and avowed esteem by Farnham and Kinsey and with open arms by Lambert. The many fellows in the regiment followed suit, and they had done much to rub off the uncouth edges, to polish the rough exterior, and so reveal the value of the gem within, and Close was plodding contentedly along as quartermaster of a four-company post, when the blow fell. Minor, now lieutenant colonel, was in command of the —teenth, the old adjutant and quarter-master in command of him. There was no need of asking whence the unseen allegations came.

An ill wind it is indeed that blows nobody good. In the general "shake-up" there came a colonel to the regiment whose first official act was to accept the resignations of the two staff officers and to appoint Lambert adjutant. "I wish you had gone in for a commission," said he to Floyd, whom he had known in his sergeant days in Texas, but Floyd replied that if this treatment of Close was a specimen of army justice he reckoned railroading would suit him better. Whereupon the new colonel swore that if Close were only back again he'd make him quartermaster and let his oppressors see the other side of his story; but Close never came.

With certain other wronged and astonished men, he had gone to Washington and pleaded his case before a most harassed and unhappy cabinet official who was no longer able to undo the mischief. The senate having confirmed the nominations to the vacancies thus created.

"He allowed that he guessed a few mistakes might have been made long

of his putting too much faith in what some officers told him," wrote Close to Lambert, "but that in nine cases out of ten the thing was all right. I told him I hadn't come to talk about anybody's rights or wrongs but my own; what I wanted was the captaincy I was clean bilked out of. He said that he couldn't fix that anyhow. The only thing was to take a second lieutenancy and start back at the bottom of the ladder again. Some of them—poor fellows who'd been so long in the army didn't know any other way of living and supporting their families—was fools enough to do it, but I'd see him demmed first, and high onto told him so."

"I guess I've had 'bout enough of it anyhow, Lambert. I did my best for the government in the days when if we

fellows hadn't done our best there mighty soon wouldn't of been any

government 'cept Jeff Davis, and if this here's a specimen of the best the government can do for a man that got plugged pretty full of lead fighting

for it, why, next war that comes around

I want to be a sutler and nothing else. Lucky I ain't as bad off as the rest.

The boys are doing first-rate, and the girls are well hitched to very decent

fathers, both of 'em, and 'bout all I've

got to look after is my property. They're running two railroads through there now, and it won't be long before

I can be a senator or secretary, if I can't be a sutler. Now, I'm going back to Spirit Lake, where I'm building the prettiest home in the Hawkeye state,

and it'll be all ready to welcome you

and Mrs. Lambert and—well—just as

soon as she feels like traveling again

and you must come and spend a long

leave with me. I ain't got any children of my own, and my kindred are

kind of wrapped up in theirs, and I took

a shine to you the first day you set

foot in that old mudhole of a camp at Tugaloogoo. So don't you fret about the future, Lambert. You stood by me when I hadn't a friend, and—my will's all made, boy, and don't you forget it. Yours truly,

J. P. CLOSE.

"P. S.—Dam the Cap."

THE END.

LOVE.

Suffered Long and Kind, Wrote the Apostle, and the Charwoman Confirms It.

"It makes all the difference in the world what a person marries for. I'm so thankful that I didn't make any mistake," said a small, shabbily dressed, tired-looking woman, who was scrubbing at a house where she had asked for work. Her tongue was as nimble as her fingers, but her views on all topics were so cheery and hopeful, notwithstanding her manifest poverty, that her garrulity did not become tiresome to the listening newspaper woman. Her opinions on marriage, coming as they did from a woman to whom marriage had brought poverty and unceasing labor for an invalid husband, were refreshing, and had the ring of a true heart.

"Yes," she said, "folks that marries

but one thing makes a dreadful mistake. I often think to myself: 'What if I had married for anything in the world but love, real, genuine, sure enough love? What a fix I'd be in today!'

"You see, my husband's been an invalid for nine years. He went into slow consumption four years after we were married, all told, and he ain't worked six weeks, all told, since; and I've had all the support of him and our three children for nine years, and I've done it by trailin' round from house to house, scrubbin' and cleanin' house; and all the feelin' I've had about it has been one of thankfulness that I was able and willin' to do it.

"Sposin' I hadn't married for love?

"Sposin' I'd married for riches, and they'd taken wings and flew away?

"Sposin' I'd married for beauty, and sickness and mis'ry had robbed my husband of his good looks? Wouldn't I be in a nice fix?"

"But I didn't marry for a thing on earth but respect and love for a good man, and I ain't regretted it, and I ain't a bit unhappy or discontented, exceptin' in the sorrow that comes from the certainty that I ain't goin' to have my husband with me much longer.

"He's failin' fast now, poor dear!

I ain't ever looked on him as a burden. I ain't throwed it up to him that I've had the livin' to make. I ain't fretted nor complained, nor done any of the things I would surely have done if I'd made the dreadful mistake of marryin' for anything but real affection.

"Folks that marries for anything else has got a lot of unhappiness before 'em that I don't know anything about."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

PAT'S PASSWORD.

The Irish soldier seems to furnish the story-teller with many an anecdote.

The following incident is said to have occurred at the battle of Fontenoy, when the great Saxe was the marshal in command.

"The password is 'Saxe,'" said the officer of the guard, as he sent off an Irish trooper with a message; "don't forget the word."

"Sure I won't, sir," was the reply. "Sacks—my father was a miller."

When he came to the sentinel and was challenged, the Irishman looked wise, and whispered:

"Bags, you spalpeen; let me through!"—Harper's Round Table.

DR. MILES' NERVINE.

Mr. Eugene Scars

110 Simon St., Elkhart, Ind., says: "Nervine Restores Health.

Restores

# THE INDEPENDENT.

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WEEKLY FOUNDED IN 1863.  
DAILY FOUNDED IN 1897.

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The worthy citizens who lament the wickedness of the railway corporations should go to the statistical tables just prepared by the Ohio commissioner of railroads and telegraphs for the year ended December 31st. It appears that the capital stock outstanding amounts to \$641,818,788, upon which dividends were paid amounting to \$10,741,021. But the funded debt was also \$766,617,247, thus making the total charges upon which interest should be paid \$1,395,231,033. The dividends paid upon this sum amounted to less than 1 per cent. During the year 25,794,693 passengers were carried, the passenger earnings per mile being \$3,069.28, and the freight earnings per mile being \$6,374.16. Although millions of passengers were transported, only four were killed. There were 391 fatal accidents during the year, divided as follows: Passengers, 4; employees, 108; trespassers and others, 279. THE INDEPENDENT still maintains that a uniform passenger rate of two cents per mile would increase rather than diminish the earnings of the railways—especially if accompanied by the withdrawal of ship passengers.

### THE REC PROCTY FEATURE.

Mr. Wm. E. Curtis is fearful that the reported plan of Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, to have the reciprocity section of the tariff bill of 1890 passed, will result in the utter defeat of public expectation of an increased export trade. The countries with which reciprocity treaties were negotiated in 1890 and 1891 felt that the law was very offensive. It was a threat and was rejected as such. The international American conference composed of delegates from all the American republics except Santo Domingo, declared unanimously for the negotiation of a uniform series of treaties that would represent commercial reciprocity in its broadest sense, and extend as far as was practicable under their systems of raising revenue. They expressed their willingness to make sacrifices in order to promote their commercial relations with the United States, and the amendment to the McKinley bill, which was sent to the committee on ways and means by Mr. Blaine in 1890 and rejected, represented their views and wishes and received their cordial indorsement. Mr. Curtis says:

"The amendment was afterward introduced in the United States senate by Mr. Hale, and authorized the president to declare the ports of the United States free to all the products of any nation on the American hemisphere, upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports free of all national, provincial, municipal and other taxes, our flour, cornmeal and other breadstuffs, preserved meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, cotton-seed oil and its products, rice and other provisions, including all articles of food, lumber, furniture and other articles of wood, agricultural implements and machinery, mining and mechanical machinery, structural steel and iron, steel rails, locomotives, railway cars and supplies, street cars and refined petroleum. This was an affirmative proposition. It offered a reward to any nation that made concessions in favor of the United States. The amendment, which was afterward adopted as section 4, was the reverse. It was a negative proposition, and threatened punishment upon such nations as refused to make concessions in favor of the United States. One proposition meant: 'If you will do as we say, we will reward you in return.' The other meant: 'If you don't do as we tell you, we will punish you by taxing your goods.'"

It is feared that Spanish American pride is such that an attempt to reach out for trade with the old reciprocity paragraph will end in utter failure. It required extraordinary efforts to do any thing with the law before and then the assistance of Mr. Romeo, the Mexican minister, Mr. Mendonca, the Brazilian minister, and Gen. Beraza, the Venezuelan minister, had to be exerted to satisfy the South American republics that no offense was intended. Courtesy costs so little that Mr. Dingley ought to put enough of it in his bill to bring about the desired end.

### THE MINERS' STRIKE.

The suspension of work in the Massillon mining district means more than a protest against a reduction in the scale from 61 to 51 cents per ton. This fact is made clear in the convention call of

the United Mine Workers, issued yesterday, by which it appears that a demand will be made for Pittsburg prices in the thin coal districts of Ohio. Thus we have again, in slightly modified form, the old differential controversy, which led to the long strike of 1894 and was brought to an end by arbitration proceedings. Prior to that strike the scale in Massillon district was fifteen cents higher than that of the Hocking and Jackson county districts. The decree of the arbitration board was that the Massillon operators were entitled to the same rate as the Hocking and Jackson districts, and since that time that has been the rule. Meanwhile, another rule providing that the Ohio scale shall be nine cents lower than the Pittsburg scale has been respected. As the Pittsburg scale is now 60 cents, and as 61 cents was the Massillon price until January 1st, the operators announced that after the first of the year 51 cents only would be paid. The miners indicate a determination not only to resist this reduction, but to make a stand for the principle that Pittsburg prices shall be paid here, hereafter.

The miners' position is strengthened by the fact that in Jackson county, the coal of which is the leading competitor of the Massillon product, a similar demand has been made. A dispatch from Wellston says that the Jackson operators will close up every mine in the county until next fall before they will consent to pay Pittsburg prices, and thereby give Hocking Valley an advantage of nine cents per ton. Should the Jackson county miners yield, the Massillon miners would doubtless do the same, as otherwise they would be throwing their market into the laps of the Jackson operators. The claim is made in both Jackson and Massillon districts that coal can be mined more easily in Hocking Valley than elsewhere, and sells for less, being of poorer quality, and that, therefore, there is reason why a lower scale of wages should be paid in that valley. The operators here make reply that the difference in quality is made up by modern furnace improvements, and that a difference against them in cost of production tends to drive them out of business.

### MR. COXEY'S CONVENTION.

Programme for the Gathering at St. Louis on January 12th.

Mr. J. S. Coxey, of Massillon, is leading in the movement of which a new national party is expected to grow. A conference for this purpose will be held in St. Louis on January 12th, and will be called to order at 10 a. m. by Mr. Coxey in the Lindell Hotel. After prayer by the Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, and selection of officers, the following programme will be carried out:

An address, by J. B. Osbourne, of Georgia.

Remarks by Robert Schilling, Paul Vandervoort, Abe Steinberger, Warren Foster, Henry Kochs, J. W. Dollinson, W. A. Bennington, L. W. Motley, B. F. C. Brooks, F. J. Schulz, B. Codrington, M. Davidson, R. B. Frye, Ralph Beaumont, J. S. Coxey and others. Subject: The Wrecking of the People's Party and what's to be done about it?

Remarks by J. J. Streeter on the true American ballot system.

Remarks on the Non Interest bond plan, by J. S. Coxey.

Demonetization of gold and silver, illustrated with large colored cartoons, by Carl Browne.

Discussion and adoption of an address to the American people.

Selection of a provisional national chairman, secretary, treasurer and committee.

Adjournment.

#### How They Settled It.

Two men, named Peter Garot and William Clark, had a dispute in Louisville, on Saturday night, and finally agreed to settle their case in the grand old-fashioned way. Friends were called up and the party repaired to a meadow, which is near Nimishillen creek. In the midst of the exciting scene which followed, and while the two disputants were pummelling each other, they got too close to the water and both rolled into the stream. After they had been fished out, more dead than alive, they were placed under arrest and later were fined \$8.75 each for fighting.

#### Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your trouble? If not, get a bottle and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.

#### Taken In.

"I used often to read the newspaper aloud to my wife," said Bert Robinson, "and once I was fairly taken in by a patent medicine advertisement. The seductive paragraph began with a modest account of the sea-serpent, but ended by setting forth the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, it was alleged, was a cure for all bronchial, throat and lung troubles, and would even cure consumption, if taken in time. The way I was taken in was this: I had lung disease, and I bought a bottle of the remedy; I was a stranger to it, and it took me in—and cured me!" Robinson's experience is identical with that of thousands of others. So true is this, that after witnessing the marvelous cures of bronchial and lung affections wrought by this remedy, its manufacturers feel warranted in saying that this remedy will cure 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earliest stages of the disease.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the body and its kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

# DELINQUENT TAX SALE.

The lands, lots and parts of lots returned delinquent by the Treasurer of Stark County, Ohio, together with the taxes and penalty charged thereon, agreeably to law, are contained and described in the following list, viz:

Massillon, 1st Ward—Lands.

Sec. Des. Acr. Val. \$ C. M.

Blocker, Wm. 17 24 p e 45 570 26 94 9

Bunnell, J. H. 17 47 p n e 5 90 790 50 18 1

Miller, Harriet 17 31 p n e 80 560 36 87 4

Massillon, 1st Ward—Lots.

Bunnell, J. H. 1337 59x152 80 5 98 2

" 1338 59x152 80 5 98 2

" 1339 59x152 80 5 98 2

" 1545 59x135 80 18 43 8

" 1356 59x135 280 5 98 2

" 1357 59x135 1 90 6 60 3

" 972 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 973 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 974 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 975 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 677 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 978 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 797 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 976 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 980 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 981 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 982 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 983 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 984 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 985 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 986 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 987 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 988 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 989 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 990 whole 1 90 6 60 3

Grapevine, J. H. 998 41 1/2 x 56 Erie 2640 121 08 2

" 998 16x56 660 31 02 4

" 811 w 1/2 330 16 01 2

Hackett, Clarence 1019 50x156 240 11 91 7

Kuster, John 1077-1078-1079 e 1-3 620 30 34 6

Lutz, Jonas 161-162 60x144 Oak 2080 95 62 4

Masters, A. 1349 ex 50 s p 200 10 09 8

Martin, Elisha 1940 whole 380 18 26 8

Sibala, Eliza 1498 60x124 Oak 900 57 03

Schott, Fabian 1351 59x135 Kent 380 18 26 8

Whitney, Moses H. 954 e 1/2 1280 60 89 5

Yost, Jessie F. 1500 45x144 Oak

Massillon, Second Ward—Lands.

Geier, Lucy 17-112 p n w 10 280 13 73 7

Lormer, Alice 17-109 p n w 15 260 13 97 8

Massillon, Second Ward—Lots.

Albright, G. L. 556 6x16 30 5 77 1

Burtsch, J. W. 315 40x150 Musk 430 27 78 1

Bucher, J. G. est. 93-94 5 25 10 210 612 44 8

Chandler, E. T. 207 35x180 Main 840 80 99 2

Carver, John 1888 whole 470 24 33 8

Elmer, Lena 316 50x75 210 10 55 3

Herring, Ed. 1845 whole 520 24 65 4

Herring, Ed. 614 60x140 Trem 1110 51 37 3

Herring, Ed. 614 60x140 380 18 26 8

Jarvis, Kent est. 93-94 1 3 of 2 5 6800 429 82 2

Kuhn, John H. 1895 whole 330 16 01 2

Linerode, Jos. 671 70x200 330 26 45 3

Most, Minnie 853 61x155 380 18 28 6

Portner, C. B. 2189 ex 40x105 1/2 100 10 65 4

Shertzer, J. V. 130 s 1/2 410 19 65 1

Schott, Charlotte 1384 26x150 park 900 41 91 0

Schott, Tobias 1675 whole 100 8 35 1

Thornburg, Wm. 1564 50x 30 Borden 60 4 88

Thornburg, Wm. 1556 whole 50 4 99 5

Urban, Grace 1121 53x150 450 29 02 5

Von Kannel, G. F. 1673 whole 40 4 91 4

Walker, A. B. 1597 50x130 59 4 11 3

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Mr. Wm. E. Curtis is fearful that the reported plan of Chairman Dingley, of the ways and means committee, to have the reciprocity section of the tariff bill of 1890 passed, will result in the utter defeat of public expectation of an increased export trade. The countries with which reciprocity treaties were negotiated in 1890 and 1891 felt that the law was very offensive. It was a threat and was rejected as such. The international American conference composed of delegates from all the American republics except Santo Domingo, declared an unanimously for the negotiation of a uniform series of treaties that would represent commercial reciprocity in its broadest sense, and extend as far as was practicable under their systems of raising revenue. They expressed their willingness to make sacrifices in order to promote their commercial relations with the United States, and the amendment to the McKinley bill, which was sent to the committee on ways and means by Mr. Blaine in 1890 and rejected, represented their views and wishes and received their cordial endorsement. Mr. Curtis says:

"The amendment was afterward introduced in the United States senate by Mr. Hale, and authorized the president to declare the ports of the United States free to all the products of any nation on the American hemisphere, upon which no export duties are imposed, whenever and so long as such nation shall admit to its ports free of all national, provincial, municipal and other taxes, our flour, cornmeal and other breadstuffs, preserved meats, fish, vegetables and fruits, cotton-seed oil and its products, rice and other provisions, including all articles of food, lumber, furniture and other articles of wood, agricultural implements and machinery, mining and mechanical machinery, structural steel and iron, steel rails, locomotives, railway cars and supplies, street cars and refined petroleum. This was an affirmative proposition. It offered a reward to any nation that made concessions in favor of the United States. The amendment, which was afterward adopted as section 4, was the reverse. It was a negative proposition, and threatened punishment upon such nations as refused to make concessions in favor of the United States. One proposition meant: 'If you will do as we favor we will reward you in return.' The other meant: 'If you don't do as we tell you, we will punish you by taxing your goods.'"

It is feared that Spanish American pride is such that an attempt to reach out for trade with the old reciprocity paragraph will end in utter failure. It required extraordinary efforts to do any thing with the law before and then the assistance of Mr. Romeo, the Mexican minister, Mr. Mendonca, the Brazilian minister, and Gen. Beraza, the Venezuelan minister, had to be exerted to satisfy the South American republics that no offense was intended. Courtesy costs so little that Mr. Dingley ought to put enough of it in his bill to bring about the desired end.

**THE MINERS' STRIKE.**

The suspension of work in the Massillon mining district means more than a protest against a reduction in the scale from 61 to 51 cents per ton. This fact is made clear in the convention call of

the United Mine Workers, issued yesterday, by which it appears that a demand will be made for Pittsburg prices in the thin coal districts of Ohio. Thus we have again, in slightly modified form, the old differential controversy, which led to the long strike of 1894 and was brought to an end by arbitration proceedings. Prior to that strike the scale in Massillon district was fifteen cents higher than that of the Hocking and Jackson county districts. The decree of the arbitration board was that the Massillon operators were entitled to the same rate as the Hocking and Jackson districts, and since that time that has been the rule. Meanwhile, another rule providing that the Ohio scale shall be nine cents lower than the Pittsburg scale has been respected. As the Pittsburg scale is now 60 cents, and as 61 cents was the Massillon price until January 1st, the operators announced that after the first of the year 51 cents only would be paid. The miners indicate a determination not only to resist this reduction, but to make a stand for the principle that Pittsburg prices shall be paid here, hereafter.

The miners' position is strengthened by the fact that in Jackson county, the coal of which is the leading competitor of the Massillon product, a similar demand has been made. A dispatch from Wellston says that the Jackson operators will close up every mine in the county until next fall before they will consent to pay Pittsburg prices, and thereby give Hocking Valley an advantage of nine cents per ton. Should the Jackson county miners yield, the Massillon miners would doubtless do the same, as otherwise they would be throwing their market into the laps of the Jackson operators. The claim is made in both Jackson and Massillon districts that coal can be mined more easily in Hocking Valley than elsewhere, and sells for less, being of poorer quality, and that, therefore, there is reason why a lower scale of wages should be paid in that valley. The operators here make reply that the difference in quality is made up by modern furnace improvements, and that a difference against them in cost of production tends to drive them out of business.

**MR. COXEY'S CONVENTION.**  
Programme for the Gathering at St. Louis, on January 13.

Mr. J. S. Coxey, of Massillon, is leading in the movement of which a new national party is expected to grow. A conference for this purpose will be held in St. Louis on January 12th, and will be called to order at 10 a. m. by Mr. Coxey in the Lindell Hotel. After prayer by the Rev. Harry C. Vrooman, and selection of officers, the following programme will be carried out:

An address, by J. B. Osbourne, of Georgia.

Remarks by Robert Schilling, Paul Vandervoort, Abe Steinberger, Warren Foster, Henry Kochs, J. W. Dollinson, W. A. Bennington, L. W. Motley, B. F. C. Brooks, F. J. Schutte, B. Codrington, M. Davidson, R. B. Frye, Ralph Beaumont, J. S. Coxey and others. Subject: The Wrecking of the People's Party and what's to be done about it?

Remarks by J. J. Street on the true American ballot system.

Remarks on the Non-Interest bond plan, by J. S. Coxey.

Demonetization of gold and silver, illustrated with large colored cartoons, by Carl Browne.

Discussion and adoption of an address to the American people.

Selection of a provisional national chairman, secretary, treasurer and committee.

Adjournment.

How They Settled It.

Two men, named Peter Garot and William Clark, had a dispute in Louisville, on Saturday night, and finally agreed to settle their case in the grand old-fashioned way. Friends were called up and the party repaired to a meadow, which is near Nimishillen creek. In the midst of the exciting scene which followed, and while the two disputants were pummelling each other, they got too close to the water and both rolled into the stream. After they had been fished out, more dead than alive, they were placed under arrest and later were fined \$8.75 each for fighting.

Did You Ever

Try Electric Bitters as a remedy for your trouble? If not, get a bottle and get relief. This medicine has been found to be peculiarly adapted to the relief and cure of all female complaints, exerting a wonderful direct influence in giving strength and tone to the organs. If you have loss of appetite, constipation, headache, fainting spells, or are nervous, sleepless, excitable, melancholy or troubled with dizzy spells, Electric Bitters is the medicine you need. Health and strength are guaranteed by its use. Large bottles only fifty cents at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.

Taken In.

"I used often to read the newspaper aloud to my wife," said Bert Robinson, "and once I was fairly taken in by a patent medicine advertisement. The seductive paragraph began with a modest account of the sea-serpent, but ended by setting forth the virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which, it was alleged, was a cure for all bronchial, throat and lung troubles, and would even cure consumption, if taken in time. The way I was taken in was this: I had lung disease, and I bought a bottle of the remedy, I was a stranger to it, and it took me in—and cured me." Robinson's experience is identical with that of thousands of others. So true is this, that after witnessing the marvelous cures of bronchial and lung affections wrought by this remedy, its manufacturers feel warranted in saying that this remedy will cure 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease.

It is feared that Spanish American pride is such that an attempt to reach out for trade with the old reciprocity paragraph will end in utter failure. It required extraordinary efforts to do any thing with the law before and then the assistance of Mr. Romeo, the Mexican minister, Mr. Mendonca, the Brazilian minister, and Gen. Beraza, the Venezuelan minister, had to be exerted to satisfy the South American republics that no offense was intended. Courtesy costs so little that Mr. Dingley ought to put enough of it in his bill to bring about the desired end.

**DELINQUENT TAX SALE.**

The lands, lots and parts of lots returned delinquent by the Treasurer of Stark County, Ohio, together with the taxes and penalty charged thereon, agreeably to law, are contained and described in the following list, viz:

Massillon, 1st Ward—Lands.

Sec. Des. Acr. Val. \$ Cr. M.

Blocker, Wm. 17 24 p s e 45 570 24 92 9

Bunnell, J. H. 17 47 p n e 5 90 790 50 18 1

Miller, Harriet. 17 31 p n e 80 560 35 87 4

Massillon, 1st Ward—Lots.

Sec. Des. Acr. Val. \$ Cr. M.

Bunnell, J. H. 1337 59x152 80 5 98 2

" 1338 59x152 80 5 98 2

" 1345 59x135 80 5 98 2

" 1356 59x135 280 5 98 2

" 1357 59x135 1 90 6 60 3

" 972 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 973 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 974 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 975 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 677 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 978 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 797 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 976 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 980 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 981 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 982 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 983 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 984 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 985 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 986 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 987 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 988 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 989 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 990 whole 1 90 6 60 3

" 991 whole 1 90 6 60 3

Grapevine, J. H. 998 41x6x86 Erie 2640 121 08 2

" 998 16x16 600 31 02 4

" 811 w 1/2 330 16 01 2

Hackett, Clarence. 1019 50x156 240 11 91 7

Knaster, John. 1077-108-1079 e 1-3 620 30 34 6

Lutz, Jones. 161-162 60x144 Oak 2080 95 62 4

Masters, A. 1349 ex 50 p 200 10 09 8

Martin, Edith. 1940 whole 380 18 28 6

Sibala, Eliz. 1498 60x124 Oak 900 57 03

Schott, Fabian. 1351 59x135 Kent 360 17 37 7

Whitney, Moses H. 1500 45x144 Oak 1280 80 89 5

Yost, Jessie F F. 1597 50x130

Massillon, Second Ward—Lands.

Sec. Des. Acr. Val. \$ Cr. M.

Geier, Lucy. 17-12 p n w 10 280 13 73 7

Lormer, Alice. 17-109 p n w 15 260 13 97 8

Massillon, Second Ward—Lots.

Sec. Des. Acr. Val. \$ Cr. M.

Albright, G. L. 556 6x16 310 210 61 44 8

Bartscher, J. W. 315 40x150 Musk 430 27 78 1

Bucher, J. G. est. 93-94-95 2 5 430 80 99 2

Chandler, E. T. 207 35x180 Main 470 22 38

Carver, John. 1888 whole 210 10 55 3

Elmer, Lena. 316 50x75 520 24 65 4

Herring, Ed L. 614 60x140 Trem 110 51 37 3

Herring, Ed. 614 60x140 380 18 28 6

Jarvis, Kent est. 93-94 1 3 of 2-5 6800 429 82 2

Kuhn, John H. 1895 whole 330 16 01 3

Linerode, Jos. 671 70x200 330 26 45 3

Most, Minnie. 583 64x155 330 18 28 6

Portner, C. B. 2189 ex 40x105 100 10 65 4

Shester, J. V. 130 8 1/2 410 19 65 1

Schott, Charlotte. 1384 26x150 park 900 41 93 0

Schott, Tobias. 1675 whole 100 4 35 1

Thornburg, Wm. 1564 50x 30 Borden 60 4 88

Thornburg, Wm. 1556 whole 450 29 02 5

Urban, Grace. 1121 53x150 40 4 91 4

Von Kannel, C. F. 1673 whole 59 4 11 3

Walker, A. B. 1597 50x130

Massillon, Third Ward—Lands.

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Philip Rhine has opened a grocery store in Kent street.

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Good music. Everybody is invited to

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The river bridge at this place is being

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Monday, after a vacation of seven days

...The white Christmas was thoroughly

enjoyed by all, and sleigh bells have

been jingling merrily ever since the

new fall. Miss Sadie Hinderer, of the

Barberton schools, and Miss Myrtle

Kieder, of Creston, spent their Christ-

mas vacation with their parents here...

Mrs. S. O. Eby and children, J. D. and

Harietta, and Miss Carrie Gensemer, of

Canton, are visiting the Gensemer and

Eby families at this place...Miss

Mabel Buckley, of Miamisburg, was

home during her holiday vacation

...C. A. Hinderer, of Mechan-

icsburg, was home over Christmas...

W. E. Willems and wife, of Cuyahoga

Falls, and Mr. and Mrs. H. McKee, of

Creston, spent Sunday with Mrs. Geo.

Reinelt and family...E. S. Landis, of

Madisonburg and Mr. and Mrs. Henry

Plunkett, of Orrville, spent Christmas

with the family of J. W. Kieffer...Jos.

Newroth, of Akron, spent Sunday with

his parents...Cyrus Young, and wife,

John Young, wife and daughter, Gert-

rude, John Metz, wife and son, Ray,

spent Christmas in Orrville, the guest

of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Shuey.

Mr. John Pfundt and daughter, Ola,

were the guests of Akron friends

over Christmas. Mrs. Harry Stoner and

little daughter, Blanche, are spending

holiday week with friends at Mt. Liberty

and Gallipolis...Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lip-

ley are guests of their daughter, at this

place...Miss Emma Ault, Mrs. H. B.

Frase and daughters, Effie and Zula,

of Barberton, are the guests of U. W.

Ault and family...Mr. and Mrs. John

Lutz and family spent Saturday with

the family of his brother, Charles Lutz,

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BIG LOT OF BABY CARRIAGES.

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several car loads of baby cabs to Sibley,

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has been shipped to Chicago and part to

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burg, where he has secured the for-

mer's position of printing office...The

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relatives in town...Landlord Buss is putting up a

new barn that will accommodate forty

horses...A number of farmers in this

community attended the Farmers' Insti-

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best meeting in the history of the asso-

ciation...Loew & Swaller are making

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few weeks

A ROCK ON THE TRACK.

CANAL DOVER, Jan. 4.—This morning

as a freight train on the Cleveland &

Marietta railway was approaching Canal

Dover at a lively speed, the engine

struck a large rock which had fallen

from the overhanging bluffs above the

tracks, demolishing the cowcatcher of

the engine, but luckily causing no fur-

ther damage.

GREENTOWN EVENTS.

GREENTOWN, Jan. 7.—Miss Ivy Wal-

ter spent Sunday in New Berlin. Miss

Maude Bonstedt was the guest of Akron

friends last week. Miss Emma E. Leeser

spent the holidays with her parents in

Canal Fulton...Prof. James O. Wise has

returned to Akron after a visit with his

parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wise, of this

place. Mrs. Allen Wise spent New

Year's day with Mr. and Mrs. Milton

Wise, in Akron. Mr. and Mrs. George

Wise and sons, Fred and Robert, of Ak-

ron, spent Sunday with relatives here

Miss Minnie Shantz and Norman Rober-

ter, two prominent young people of this

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Rev. J

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## NEWS FROM NEAR BY TOWNS.

A CHASE FOR BURGLARS.

CANAL DOVER, Jan. 4.—An exciting chase of three burglars who Thursday morning burglarized a store at Baltic, terminated here yesterday in only partial success. Early Friday morning the night clerk of the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railway found a horse which had been driven very hard, tied to a telephone pole, near the station, it evidently having been standing there for several hours. He placed the ri. in a livery barn and notified the authorities.

A short time afterward Mr. Diets, of Ringersville, this country, and a party of officers arrived and identified the horse as one stolen from Diets the night before. It appears that the three burglars, after being surprised in the store at Baltic, were pursued out of town some distance and surrounded, one of them surrendering. The other two drew revolvers, drove the posse back, and fled. At Diets' barn they took the horse, both mounted it and, after a ride of four miles, stole a buggy and harness from another barn and continued their flight to Canal Dover. Here the rig was deserted and the crooks evidently made their escape on a freight train toward Massillon.

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CANAL DOVER, Jan. 4.—This morning as a freight train on the Cleveland & Marietta railway was approaching Canal Dover at a lively speed, the engine struck a large rock which had fallen from the overhanging bluffs above the tracks, demolishing the cowcatcher of the engine, but luckily causing no further damage.

GREENTOWN EVENTS.

GREENTOWN, Jan. 7.—Mrs. Ivy Waller spent Sunday in New Berlin. Miss Maude Bonstedt was the guest of Akron friends last week. Miss Emma E. Leeser spent the holidays with her parents in Canal Fulton...Prof. James O. Wise has returned to Akron after a visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Wise, of this place. Mrs. Allen Wise spent New Year's day with Mr. and Mrs. Milton Wise, in Akron. Mr. and Mrs. George Wise and sons, Fred and Robert, of Akron, spent Sunday with relatives here. Miss Minnie Shanafelt and Norman Barber, two prominent young people of this town, were united in marriage by the Rev. J. L. Herron, of Canton, on last Thursday. Mrs. O. B. Jones and children, Olin and Marie, are visiting Prof. and Mrs. Clark, of Mt. Union. Rev. Jones is circulating among friends and relatives in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Wm. Miller and Miss Josephine Miller have returned home after a week's visit with Mr. and Mrs. Homer A. Hine, of Akron. Mrs. Hine is a daughter of Mrs. Miller.

The Christmas entertainment, "Santa Claus' Reception," given in the M. E. church on Christmas night by the members of the Sunday school, was a success in every particular. An admission fee of ten cents was charged, and the proceeds amounted to \$23.90.

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NORTH LAWRENCE AND URBAN HILL.

NORTH LAWRENCE, Jan. 7.—Alvin Hurford made a business call here on Thursday...The Rev. Mr. Baldwin and wife, Ashland, celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on New Year's Eve, in the U. B. church of that city...Frank Fulton will go to Cleveland on Jan. 9.

John Corbit's funeral on Sunday afternoon was attended by a large number of sympathizing friends and neighbors...Walter Mallin dropped into our town on Monday...The miners have decided

to make their acceptance or rejection of the 51 cent rate contingent on the action of the miners' convention on the 12 inst...Meeting each evening the chapel this week...N. K. Bowman was in Canton Monday...Dr. Dissinger performed a difficult surgical operation on Miss Mand Fulton on Sunday. The removal of foreign flesh from the burns and the grafting of other new flesh in its stead. Up to this time the patient has prospect of complete recovery...Thomas Brown was in Orrville on Tuesday...The denizens of Urban Hill have won the approbation of the public by building another foot log and walk across the creek and meadow...The entertainment given at District No. 3 by the teacher reflected credit on both teacher and pupils. The part taken by Misses Florence and Lizzie Farmer added materially to the programme. In the estimation of the pupils, the last number on the programme was the first, or best—a poke of candy and nuts and a poke of popcorn, to each.

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LARGE BOTTLE OR NEW STYLE MEDICINE, YOUR DRUGGIST'S REPUTATION—"THE CURE OF ALL DISEASES," IN FOUR EQUINENTS. WALTER'S "SAFE CURE" CO., LONDON, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, TORONTO.

SAFE CURE. The Old Reliable.

IT IS THE ONLY WAY BY WHICH ANY DISEASE CAN BE CURED, AND IS BY REMOVING THE CAUSE, WHETHER IT MAY BE. THE GREAT MEDICAL AUTHORITY OF THE DAY STATE THAT NEARLY EVERY DISEASE IS CAUSED BY DISEASED KIDNEYS OR LIVER.

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## LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Philip Rhine has opened a grocery store in Kent street.

The coal mines situated in and about Wadsworth are still in operation, no notices of the reduction having been posted there.

George D. Sexton, of Canton, and J. P. Smith, of Urbana, have been chosen as members of the reception committee at the inaugural ball.

The Caution division No. 38, U. R. K. P., will give a ball at Baste's hall on Thursday evening, January 14. A number of Massillonians will attend.

J. M. Waldorf, manager of Russell & Co.'s branch house at Indianapolis, Ind., is in the city. Mr. Waldorf is one of Russell & Co.'s most energetic agents.

R. A. Pollock, who represented several locals of the district at the miners' state convention, is about to resume the study of law in Eggert & McLaughlin's office again.

A cottage prayer meeting and donation party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Aue, in North street, Tuesday evening. Mrs. L. A. Kouns led the meeting.

The leaders of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church for January are Miss Mary Martin, C. B. Heckman, Miss Ida Hongh, Miss Jennie Haring, and Francis Strobel.

Deputy Game Warden Dangeleisen arrested a man named Wolf for violating a game law the other day. He pleaded guilty before a Canton justice of the peace, and was fined \$25 and costs.

The Beach City canning factory during the past season gave employment to seventy persons. They canned 15,000 bushels of tomatoes, 17,000 bushels of apples and 70 tons of pumpkins, and dried 4½ tons of raspberries. The raising and gathering of these gave employment to quite a number of people, old and young.

The Minglewood miners held a meeting Monday afternoon to consider Mr. Mullin's offer to allow them to continue to work for two days longer at the old rate of 61 cents. They decided not to accept it. The officers of their own organization had ordered them to remain idle for the time being, and it was thought best to act accordingly.

Abraham Lincoln Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., last evening installed officers as follows: G. B. Eggert, councilor; William Witmer, vice councilor; Harry Elsas, recording secretary; Albert Howard, assistant recording secretary; C. B. Arthur, financial secretary; William Weller, treasurer; William Getz, warden; G. F. Brockel, George Schrock and Judson Farrell, trustees.

Another free and informal conference of Lutheran ministers is to be held in this city next Tuesday, in the Faith Lutheran chapel. Through a misunderstanding the Rev. Mr. Schiller, of Canal Fulton, the Rev. Mr. Arnhold, of Carrollton, and the Rev. G. Schmucker, of Canton, arrived yesterday. They returned home immediately upon discovering this mistake.

Undertaker C. R. Daily, of Canal Fulton, was arrested the other day for unnecessarily exposing the body of the child of Mrs. Blocker, who died of diphtheria, a short time previous. Mayor Schott fined him \$10 and costs, but later, on account of certain extenuating circumstances in the case, remitted the fine. Mr. Daily paying \$5 costs. The fact of the arrest was for some reason suppressed at the time.

C. J. Fortna made complaint on Tuesday afternoon, before Justice Folger, against Frederick Settiava, Jr. for permitting his son Fred to become a truant, incorrigible boy under 14 years of age. The father was arrested and gave bond with good security that the son should go to school within five days and should continue until the expiration of the school term. Mr. Fortna is a faithful truant officer for the country districts.

Deputy United States Marshal Keeley brought John Doe, alias Ferguson, before United States Commissioner Folger, on Tuesday, charged with passing counterfeit coin. Neither the government nor the defendant being ready for trial, the case was continued until next Monday at 10 o'clock, when he will be given a hearing. Ferguson was placed under \$1,000 bond, in default of which he was committed to the Cuyahoga county jail.

The Massillon Cycle Club met Tuesday evening, and decided that all members who are in arrears with their dues by the next regular meeting shall be expelled from the club. Some time subsequent to this date a banquet will be held, the expense to be borne by the club, and to which all members in good standing will be invited. The officers' reports for the past year showed the club to be in an excellent condition, financially and otherwise.

The Wheeling & Lake Erie Railroad Company will, within a short time, open up a new coal mine on land controlled by that company, near Portland station, just east of that city. The company intend to equip the new mine with electrical machinery, which they claim will be a saving of 13½ cents per ton on coal produced, equal to \$80,000 per annum on the 600,000 tons which is the average annual product of the mines controlled by this company.

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Mrs. John Pfunder and daughter, Ola, were the guests of Akron friends over Christmas. Mrs. Harry Stoer and little daughter, Blanche, are spending holiday week with friends at Mt. Liberty and Gallipolis. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lippay are guests of their daughter, at this place...Miss Emma Ault, Mrs. H. B. Frase and daughters, Effie and Zula, of Barberville, are the guests of U. W. Ault and family. Mr. and Mrs. John Lutz and family, spent Saturday with the family of his brother, Charles Lutz, of Orrville.

JOHN ANTLES and wife spent a few days last week with Mrs. Antles' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fordenwalt...Miss Martha Bauman went to West Baltimore to attend the funeral of her brother, Jacob Bauman...Miss Carrie Gensemer and P. F. Ault attended the cantata at Doylestown, Saturday evening...W. F. Stickman, of Alliance, is spending his vacation at this place, the guest of his parents and a certain lady friend. George Shondel, a promising young gentleman of this place, and son of Michael Shondel, was wedded on Thursday to a fair belle and star in Doylestown society, Miss Verma Galehouse. The happy couple have the best wishes of their many friends. They expect to make their future home in Marshallville, where Mr. Shondel has purchased a fine dwelling.

TALK ABOUT THE STRIKE.

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Run on an Erie Bank.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.—Who says the coal operators of the Massillon district are not generous? While it is customary for some manufacturers who are on friendly terms with their laboring men to present each one of them with a good fat turkey at the holidays, the coal operators of the Massillon district came to the front on New Year's day and presented their men with a notice calling for a 10 cent per ton reduction, to take effect at once. This was the shortest notice ever given in the Massillon district within our recollection, and came in the form of a spontaneous combustion. While we were all resting easy, believing that we had long since passed the danger mark of a reduction during the present struggle. So you can imagine our surprise when the notice was posted. We have been watching the market and can safely say that the present condition of the market does not warrant a reduction at this time. Now that an advance has been granted in the Pittsburgh district, and the convening of the inter-state convention at Columbus on the 12th inst., where a scale of prices will be adjusted for the year. Our operators began to feel a little uneasy for fear that this district would make an effort to maintain the present differential, which has been practically demonstrated can be paid at the present market price. Why just think of it! Our operators are receiving nearly the same price for coal as when the miners were paid 85 cents per ton and pay for all deficient work. We can assign no other reason than the above fear for the present reduction, and I feel justified in believing that an effort will be made towards securing a fair differential when the price question is considered at the joint convention in Columbus next week. We certainly hope for a speedy adjustment of the same.

Grandma Elizabeth Edwards spent her New Year at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Able James, in Massillon...Mr. and Mrs. John W. Ickes have returned home after spending the holidays with relatives in and around East Greenville...Lawrence Fare, who left this place some three years ago to seek a better location returned last week feeling satisfied that Newman is good enough for him...John J. Mossop and P. J. Garman, of North Lawrence, gave our village a social and business call on Friday evening of last week. Miss Sarah Prosser being home from Massillon during the holidays gave an informal party to her young friends New Year's evening...Mrs. Daniel E. Rowlands spent several days with friends at Akron the past week...The Ralston family as is their annual custom, demolished a 20 pound turkey at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Ramsey...A friendly clay pigeon shooting match took place at A. C. Miller's place of business on New Year's day between the "up town" and "down town" boys which resulted in a victory for the "up town" boys. We failed to get the complete score but we are informed that there was some crack shots made during the contest.

The McGee family, of Canal Fulton, came down and spent New Years in the form of a family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Weidner and family. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Griffiths and daughter, Mary, were called to Cleveland last Saturday to attend the funeral of a niece of Mr. Griffiths. Mr. Howell Williams, of Canal Fulton, is circulating among his many Newman friends today, Tuesday. He reports John Street as improving under the treatment of Dr. Dissinger the past week. Our brick yard improvement has gone a gimmering for the present. The company has

been jingling merrily ever since the snow fell.

CANAL DOVER, Jan. 4.—An exciting chase of three burglars who Thursday morning burglarized a store at Baltic, terminated here yesterday in only partial success. Early Friday morning the night clerk of the Cleveland, Lorain & Wheeling railway found a horse which had been driven very hard, tied to a telephone pole, near the station, it evidently having been standing there for several hours. He placed the r. in a livery barn and notified the authorities. A short time afterward Mr. Dietz, of Racersville, this county, and a party of officers arrived and identified the horse as one stolen from Dietz the night before. It appears that the three burglars, after being surprised in the store at Baltic, were pursued out of town some distance and surrounded, one of them surrendering. The other two drew revolvers, drove the posse back, and fled. At Dietz's barn they took the horse, both mounted it and, after a ride of four miles, stole a buggy and harness from another barn and continued their flight to Canal Dover. Here the rig was deserted and the crooks evidently made their escape on a freight train toward Massillon.

BIG LOT OF BABY CARRIAGES.

CANAL DOVER, Jan. 4.—The Adams Carriage Co., of this city, has shipped seven car loads of baby cabs to Sibley, Lindsay & Curr, Rochester, N. Y.

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Philip Rhine has opened a grocery store in Kent street.

The coal mines situated in and about Wadsworth are still in operation, no notices of the reduction having been posted there.

George D. Sexton, of Canton, and J. P. Smith, of Urbana, have been chosen as members of the reception committee at the inaugural ball.

The Caution division No. 38, U. R. K. P., will give a ball at Baste's hall on Thursday evening, January 14. A number of Massillonians will attend.

J. M. Waldorf, manager of Russell & Co.'s branch house at Indianapolis, Ind., is in the city. Mr. Waldorf is one of Russell & Co.'s most energetic agents.

R. A. Pollock, who represented several locals of the district at the miners' state convention, is about to resume the study of law in Eggert & McLaughlin's office again.

A cottage prayer meeting and donation party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Aue, in North street, Tuesday evening. Mrs. L. A. Kouns led the meeting.

The leaders of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Presbyterian church for January are Miss Mary Martin, C. B. Heckman, Miss Ida Hongh, Miss Jennie Haring, and Francis Strobel.

Deputy Game Warden Dangeleisen arrested a man named Wolf for violating a game law the other day. He pleaded guilty before a Canton justice of the peace, and was fined \$25 and costs.

The Beach City canning factory during the past season gave employment to seventy persons. They canned 15,000 bushels of tomatoes, 17,000 bushels of apples and 70 tons of pumpkins, and dried 4½ tons of raspberries. The raising and gathering of these gave employment to quite a number of people, old and young.

The Minglewood miners held a meeting Monday afternoon to consider Mr. Mullin's offer to allow them to continue to work for two days longer at the old rate of 61 cents. They decided not to accept it. The officers of their own organization had ordered them to remain idle for the time being, and it was thought best to act accordingly.

Abraham Lincoln Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., last evening installed officers as follows: G. B. Eggert, councilor; William Witmer, vice councilor; Harry Elsas, recording secretary; Albert Howard, assistant recording secretary; C. B. Arthur, financial secretary; William Weller, treasurer; William Getz, warden; G. F. Brockel, George Schrock and Judson Farrell, trustees.

Another free and informal conference of Lutheran ministers is to be held in this city next Tuesday, in the Faith Lutheran chapel. Through a misunderstanding the Rev. Mr. Schiller, of Carrollton, and the Rev. G. Schmucker, of Canton, arrived yesterday. They returned home immediately upon discovering this mistake.

Undertaker C. R. Daily, of Canal Fulton, was arrested the other day for unnecessarily exposing the body of the child of Mrs. Blocker, who died of diphtheria, a short time previous. Mayor Schott fined him \$10 and costs, but later, on account of certain extenuating circumstances in the case, remitted the fine. Mr. Daily paying \$5 costs. The fact of the arrest was for some reason suppressed at the time.

C. J. Fortna made complaint on Tuesday afternoon, before Justice Folger, against Frederick Settiava, Jr. for permitting his son Fred to become a truant, incorrigible boy under 14 years of age. The father was arrested and gave bond with good security that the son should go to school within five days and should continue until the expiration of the school term. Mr. Fortna is a faithful truant officer for the country districts.

Deputy United States Marshal Keeley brought John Doe, alias Ferguson, before United States Commissioner Folger, on Tuesday, charged with passing counterfeit coin. Neither the government nor the defendant being ready for trial, the case was continued until next Monday at 10 o'clock, when he will be given a hearing. Ferguson was placed under \$1,000 bond, in default of which he was committed to the Cuyahoga county jail.

The Massillon Cycle Club met Tuesday evening, and decided that all members who are in



## THE GIRL EMIGRANT.

he'd been to the fair, had sold early, was waiting for a train to take him home.

"Where are ye goin?" he said over his shoulder. "What were ye bearin' about?"

She looked up at him quickly, almost shyly.

"To the United States."

He nodded, began again the tattoo on his boot, and before another word came the train had started.

"We're goin,'" said Mary. "Hurry, and say goodby, or they'll shut ye in."

"No matter," he answered. "I'll swa' a bit."

The maid sat apart from the man and answered his abrupt, mannerless questions as bravely as she might. Why was she going? Ah, he knew. There was no need to ask. Why had she not told him? Better not. What was the use? All was over between them.

The man eyed her wonderingly. Over, he repeated. Over? Did she not know he was ready to make it up—to do his best? Aye, yes, she knew, still—Still what? It was better to go, she said, and looked tearfully out at the flying fields.

Yes, it was better to go. I agreed with Mary. He was a lout, for certain; a good for nothing by all chance. She would lose nothing by leaving him. There—there, sitting beside her, was the trouble about which she had spoken. She had come home to settle down with him, but things had been troublesome. Ah, yes, one knew it all. He had been easy going and lazy; wanted things to turn up, felt no inclination to hurry into married cares. Ah, sure, he could wait awhile, and if he, then Mary. Something like that it had been; anyhow Mary had not settled. They had quarreled, and now she was leaving him for better or worse. She was wise. Had the man no bowels? Had he nothing for her but hard questions and putty looks? Would he not, before he went, say one kind word to this girl who had trusted in his word and manhood, and, finding them wanting, was now leaving him forever? Did there not some golden memory linger about his heart? Not one. He was wooden to the core. He would sit on there, tapping his boot and staring at his big freckled hands, neither hurt nor sorry, but just wondering that a girl could be such a fool. The train would stop and, with a nod and a flabby shake of the hand, he would take himself out into the rain. And good riddance.

The train slowed. Mary's lips began to quiver. The train stopped. I gathered in my legs, so that the fellow might pass without touching me. He raised his head and looked out at the sky.

"Ah, I may as well g'wan to the junction," he drawled. "It'll be all the same. One could do nothin' such a day anyhow."

"Yis," said Mary, not cheerlessly. "Sure ye may as well."

We sat silent all the way to Drogheha, and there we parted—Mary, so it was set down, to catch a train north, James one back home and I to do my work in town.

Two hours afterward I met the two in the rain swept streets, and in my surprise stopped short before them. Mary looked up and laughed.

"Ah," said she, "I'm here yet. That train went without me."

"Oh," said I, "that's very bad. Why, the next won't be here for hours. And you're drenched. But—but—and I looked at James as he stood slightly flushed and dripping wet, blandly staring across the street.

"Ah, yis," the man went in chortles, "they war; they war." Then looked mournfully at her red cheeks, and from one to another passed the word that she was a brave girl, so she was—a brave girl, and God speed her, said they as one by one they went out clumbers at Navan station and left Mary and me together.

It was a fair day at Navan, therefore did the train settle itself by the platform for a long rest.

"The guard nabbie's gone to see the fair," said Mary, and I laughed, stamping vigorously (for it was cold) across the carriage floor, wiped the window and looked out.

Down the farther bank of the railway, along a narrow path which had started beyond the fields somewhere near the B-ryne, was coming a little procession of six men, bearing a coffin on a rough hurdle made of ash poles. The men were bare headed; a simple bunch of wild flowers lay atop the streaming coffin; there were no mourners, nor anywhere could one see any sign of sorrow or curiosity. They came on down, the men with their pitiful burden, crossed the track, came to a siding, slid the coffin into a fish van, shut the door, pulled their soft felt hats from their pockets, mopped their faces, then took shelter behind the van and lit their pipes. There wanted only a bottle to make the scene complete, and I was confidently watching for it, when right at my elbow there rose a great sobbing.

"Aw, aw!" cried Mary. "Did ye see, did ye see? Och, what a way to be trated! An such a day for a burin'."

All out in the wet—the wet an the cowld. Aw, poor creature! Aw, muth'er, muth'er, y'll die, y'll die! I'll never see ye ag'in, nor father, nor no one! Aw, it's cruel to lave ye! I'll go back, I'll go back!"

Her sobs were pitiful. Loiterers began to gather round the door. It was only a poor girl going to America, I explained. They would pity her. I was sure. Oh, they would, said they, and went, all but one, a big, sunburned fellow, dressed in rough tweed, who came forward and asked my leave. For what? Ah, he knew the girl. Came in, went over and laid a rough hand on Mary's shoulder.

"Ab, don't," she said. "I'll go home, I'll go home!"

"What ails ye, Mary, at all?" said he and shook her again. She turned.

"Ah, God A'mighty, James!" she cried, and her tears went, "it's you! Where are ye goin'? What brings ye? Who towld ye?"

James sat down heavily and began beating his boot with his stick. Ah,

## FARM FIELD AND GARDEN

### SALTING DOWN PORK.

Methods That Have Given Satisfaction For Twenty-seven Years.

A New Jersey correspondent of The New England Homestead writes of methods practiced by him with entire success for the past 30 years. He says:

For pork one of the first considerations is a clean barrel. I have used the same barrel for the past 30 years and have cleaned it each year as follows: Put about three pails of water and a peck of clean wood ashes in the barrel, then put in hot irons enough to boil the water, cover closely and by adding a hot iron occasionally keep it boiling for a couple of hours. Wash the barrel thoroughly, and it will be sweet as a new barrel. Cover the bottom of the barrel with coarse salt. Cut the pork into strips about six inches wide, stand edgewise in the barrel, with the skin next the outside, till the bottom is covered, then cover with a thick coat of salt so as to hide the pork entirely. Repeat in the same manner till the barrel is full or the pork is all in. Cover the top layer with salt thickly. Let it stand about three or four days and then put on a flat stone and cold water enough to cover the pork. After the water is on sprinkle one-quarter pound best black pepper over it. An inch of salt in the bottom and between each layer and 1½ inches on top will be sufficient to keep the pork without making a brine. Some people make a brine that will bear an egg, but I never do.

For hams, I weigh the hams, and for 100 pounds of meat I use 4 pounds of the best fine salt, a pound of sugar and 4 ounces saltpeter. Mix thoroughly and rub it into the flesh side of the ham, not forgetting the shank, and place on a board or shelf. When the mixture has struck in, rub again. There will be enough to rub the meat three times. It usually takes about three weeks to complete the job. Hang up immediately and smoke. This recipe will cure the large and small hams alike and just right for cooking, as the meat will not take in more than the right quantity. If these directions are intelligently followed, a first quality of ham will be secured. For bacon use the same mixture as for hams.

Moisture In Cellars.

As a rule, says the Iowa Homestead, western cellars are too dry to winter fruits and vegetables in. Vegetables, therefore, are best buried in the earth or in a special cave for them, and where apples are stored in any considerable quantities a special cellar is necessary.

Recently, when accompanying an ex-

pert who was examining some fine fruits in his cellar, the authority quoted ob-

served that a hand brought water down and sprinkled the floor quite thorough-

ly before closing the cellar door. After an all night airing during a cool night he said he found this absolutely neces-

sary in order that apples should keep well during the fall, when dry air was the rule. It kept the fruit from shriveling, and they continued to be more plump until freezing weather came. He tried to avoid such a degree of moisture and conditions of warmth as would cause mold, but aimed to keep the cel-

lar damp and as cool as possible.

Pruning In The West.

In reply to the query whether peach trees should be pruned back in the au-

umn, Iowa Homestead says:

We cannot gauge our operations with

the peach by those that are successfully

employed in the east and south. There

cutting back is practiced at the close

of the season's growth and at the begin-

ning of the ripening period of the wood.

This practice is beneficial in those lo-

calities, but we have found that sum-

mer pruning, with the removal of foli-

age and the cutting off of shoots, weak-

ens plants and destroys vitality. Open

parts or pruned parts permit a greater

evaporation of vital sap flow that is in

a semidormant state all winter. For suc-

cessfully wintering, trees should ripen

their leaves naturally without frost and

drop them naturally, and then the tree

is sealed hermetically at every point.

All this is against the idea of late cut-

ting back of trees and plants in a west-

ern climate.

Corn as Fuel.

While not very much corn may be

used as fuel in the state of Iowa, yet

further west, where the distance from

the soft coal mines renders hard coal

\$10 a ton. We do not know the relative

quantities of heat given out by a ton of

hard coal and a ton of corn, but a ton

of corn, cob and all, which is the form

in which it is used for fuel, would be

worth, at 10 cents a bushel, \$2.85, and

would take our chances on getting

more heat out of corn at this rate than

coal at \$10 or \$11 a ton.

Terraces and Ditches.

Old terraces and ditches should be

repaired and new ones made, that they

may become settled and firm before the

heavy spring rains come. The terraces

should not be made too narrow. There

should be at least two feet of firm, com-

pat earth in the middle not touched by

the plow. This will better resist the

force of the heavy, washing winter and

spring rains. After the terraces are

completed, if they are sown in rye or

wheat, this will add still further to

their power of resistance.—Exchange.

## HOME TESTIMONY

Can any be Stronger—Carry More Weight or be More Convincing Than Massillon Testimony.

Make a mental note of this.

The testator is well known in Massillon.

His veracity is unquestioned.

You are reading local evidence.

Investigating home testimonio.

Massillon news for Massillon people.

It's not from Maine or Michigan.

Suspicion can't work around it.

Honesty is its prominent characteristic.

Home manufacture its salient point.

Seventy years in the fourth ward, for

years engaged in the lumber business

and at present a Township Trustee, of

Perry, ought to make Mr. Wm. Castleman, of 244 Plum street, well known.

Read what he said to our representative

who interviewed him at his residence.

"An old friend of mine who lives in Mill

street; if you don't know him and you

should, and you should meet the tallest

man in town, you may be sure it is he.

He was walking along with his hands on

his back, or hips rather, and I said to

him, well David, how are you coming

on?" He replied poorly, this kidney

trouble is killing me. Then I said to

him, You go down to Baltzly's drug

store and get a box of Doan's Kidney

Pills and they will cure you, for I have

tried them and they cured me, and I have

been troubled for a good while with a

bad back, it being very weak and aching

terribly. When I would stoop to lift any-

thing or if I sit any length of time, the

first move I made meant a sharp stinging

twinge of pain across the loins. When

I took cold it affected my back first,

making it ache much more. Well after

taking Doan's Kidney Pills two days I

said to my wife, they are helping me

and they continued to do so right along.

I am now feeling quite free from pain

and have told a number of other people

that I am acquainted with, that Doan's

Kidney Pills are a mighty good remedy

and I shall do so again.

What Doan's Kidney Pills have done

for others they will do for you. They